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SAVING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION A YEAR IN EXPERT MARKETING: BY CYRUS C. MILLER, PRESIDENT N. Y. FOOD COMMISSION



THE picturesque markets of the Old World where peasants coming in from the outskirts of towns and cities met their friends and bargained sociably together over the fruits, flowers and vegetables of their own raising are still to be found in the small villages, and in every European city there are open markets where producers and consumers come in direct contact, but in the larger towns these form but a small item of the modern means for food distribution. Even Paris, whose wonderful market places have been favorite themes for the world's best writers, has been compelled to abandon some of those historical marts to establish in their stead huge, unromantic, but convenient terminal stations, such as Halles Centrales, which consists of ten pavilions and open structures partly covered by a roof. This distributing center is established on the Seine, where food supplies come in by rail, boats or drays, even by dog carts, from all parts of France.

American cities are beginning to have open markets where housewives may go with their baskets and take home fresh food for the day, but these handle but an infinitesimal part of the food supply required by large cities. New York furnishes a fair example of the food distribution conditions of other cities. We have no peasant population living upon arable land close enough to permit farmers to drive easily into the markets. Our cities with their tremendous suburban development have pushed gardens far away from the center. Land has so increased in value that cities cannot afford to use any amount of it as a gathering place for a few vegetable carts. Besides, the successful farmer, as a rule, does not grow a small quantity of several kinds of vegetables and fruits. He specializes upon one or two things which he has determined by experiment will grow best in his district. He can no longer put his produce in any kind of a box or sack that he can lay his hands to or pack his baskets with small apples on the bottom and the large on top. This is a day

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of the standardization of everything, even of containers farmers must use to get their wares to market. We sent out a man to study the containers of New York State and found that there were so many kinds that there was no way of telling when a box, say of asparagus, was ordered what size would be delivered nor how much it would hold. New York has just passed a barrel law prescribing the size. Other States will doubtless do the same. Committees are now at work upon the subject of retainers, of crates and quantities of goods, so that there will soon be no more confusion in order and system. Then retailers and customers will know just what they are getting when they order a box of oranges, apples, cauliflowers, melons, etc. This is a great and important item in the handling of food.

The farmers themselves are organizing as the fruit growers of the West have done. By careful investigation they find out what their special locality is best fitted to raise, then organize a small association. This belongs to a larger one and this in turn to one including the States. Experienced men are sent out to pick the fruit and vegetables, crate, box and officially stamp them with the State association's seal. Such standardization of size and quality with official experienced handling saves the small farmer an immense amount of work and anxiety. His produce reaches a market hundreds and thousands of miles away which he could not have possibly reached alone and brings him prices which he could never have obtained by handling his output himself. There is nothing more important than this problem of fresh food for the city people and nothing more neglected. Cities are spending two dollars on cemeteries to one on market-places—surely a deplorable condition of things. But the prob-



The Old Market in Nuremberg, with the famous fountain in the center, and the Cathedral guarding the Square.

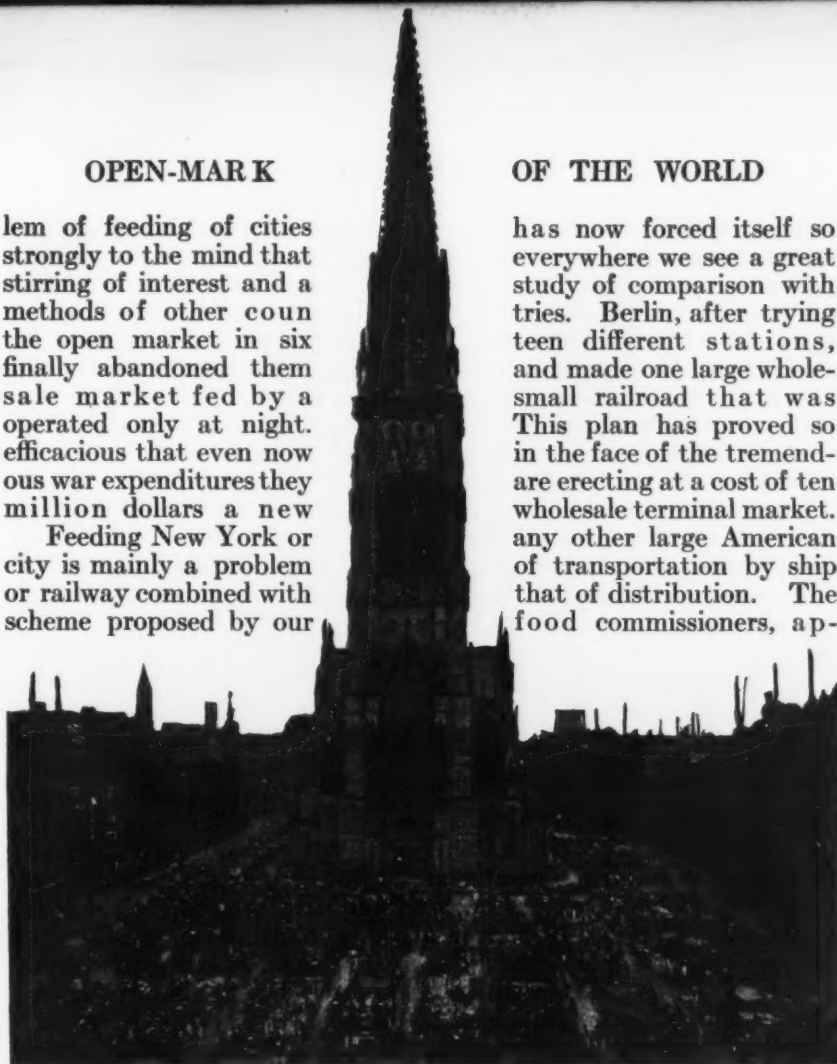
OPEN-MARK

lem of feeding of cities strongly to the mind that stirring of interest and a methods of other coun the open market in six finally abandoned them sale market fed by a operated only at night. efficacious that even now ous war expenditures they million dollars a new

Feeding New York or city is mainly a problem or railway combined with scheme proposed by our

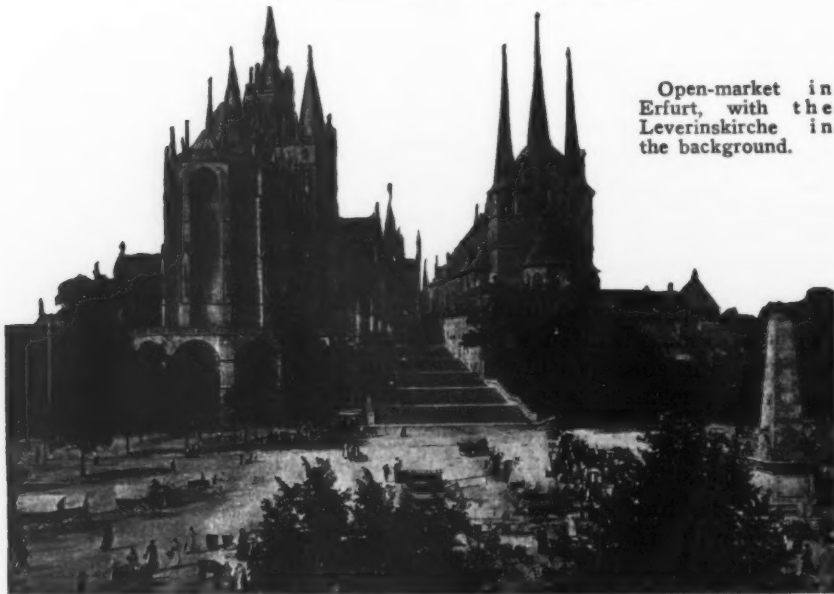
OF THE WORLD

has now forced itself so everywhere we see a great study of comparison with tries. Berlin, after trying teen different stations, and made one large whole-small railroad that was This plan has proved so in the face of the tremend-are erecting at a cost of ten wholesale terminal market. any other large American of transportation by ship that of distribution. The food commissioners, ap-



The great People's Market at Hamburg under the shadow of the Nickolai Church. pointed by Mayor Gaynor, composed of J. P. Mitchel, myself and George McAneny, with an advisory committee of market men and business men, is to have a large terminal wholesale market in every borough. These centers to receive direct by rail, boat and farmer's wagon and distribute through retailers to customers. In these markets would be sections where housewives who are able to reach these centers could purchase direct from raisers, thus getting fresh stuff at small cost. The great majority of housewives are not able to go directly to these centers; sometimes they cannot take the time or are not able to leave the children at home alone. These latter classes, and they form an immense number, welcome the push cart men who

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Open-market in Erfurt, with the Leaning Tower in the background.

bring to their door all that they need. It takes her but a moment to run down to the curb and select her vegetables. But even this is not always permitted her; she usually bargains from her window and the push cart merchant carries her purchases up-stairs to her very kitchen. Other women who have no time to go to the central markets must purchase through their local grocer and pay a little more—enough to compensate him for his trouble of going after her food and for his rental of a place where a supply of food is shown for her selection.

The next move is educational. All the city planning, coöperative societies, legislation and municipal markets will be of little avail unless women change their present unbusinesslike methods and ignorance in the matter of buying food for their family. Mayor Gaynor began, and we are continuing, the plan of educating the housewives to buy more wisely. This propaganda includes lectures and distribution of pamphlets containing instructions as how best to get her money's worth of fresh, not stale, food. Only by teaching women to become proficient purchasers will the family income be conserved. More is lost by waste and poor buying than can be easily computed. This year we have gotten out pamphlets containing advice on how to tell fresh from stale meat, fish, vegetables, etc., on the relative food values and receipts for simple and wholesome cooking. The

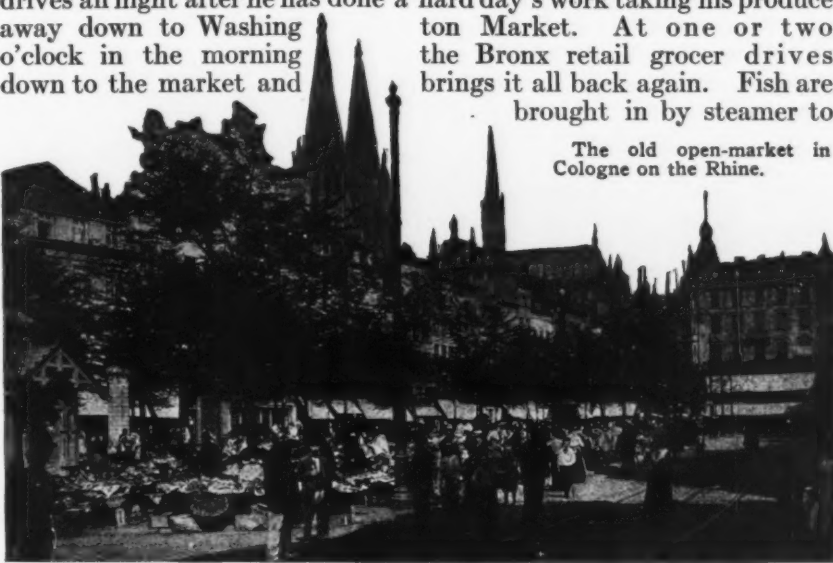
OPEN-MARKETS OF THE WORLD

school children also are included in this educational campaign, both by actual practical lessons in school and by simple charts and pamphlets.

THE municipal market bureau has been proposed by the Food Commission, of which I am chairman, which includes market reports as we now have weather reports, showing what is on hand, what will arrive within two or three days, what has just started from distant places, with prices and qualities. This will not only benefit housekeepers, who will know when peaches, for instance, are cheapest and so have her sugar and cans all ready, but will greatly assist the retailer who can make his plans far ahead. As it now is the markets are often suddenly overcrowded. No one knows of the surplus and it stays about lacking a market until unfit for use. The Agricultural Department in Washington is formulating a plan by which reports can be sent to parties interested. These reports will benefit all farmers as weather reports now greatly aid sailors and ship owners.

The whole question is one of organization. Without it there is great waste of time and money and the food becomes stale moving from one place to another. Take the condition in the Bronx—a fair example of conditions existing in every large city. A Bronx gardener drives all night after he has done a hard day's work taking his produce away down to Washington Market. At one or two o'clock in the morning the Bronx retail grocer drives down to the market and brings it all back again. Fish are brought in by steamer to

The old open-market in
Cologne on the Rhine.



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The open market
in Halle, Germany.



One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, loaded on flat cars and hauled down to Fulton Market. The Bronx local dealer in fish drives 'way down there and brings it all back again. Such foolish waste of energy and expense and such loss of time could be saved by wholesale borough markets.

One-story buildings make rent too expensive. A large wholesale market with departments for different things close to railroads and docks would save needless handling and a retail annex would condense activities and provide those who are able to take advantage of it much cheaper food. On Saturday afternoon such wholesale markets could be thrown open, turned into a retail shop and people with their baskets would get enough food to last for several days at a great reduction. There could easily be a plan by which delivery could be made for five or ten cents.

CITY people for lack of room must of necessity lose greatly by having to buy at retail. Lucky is the woman who has room for more than a day's supply of food. In olden times supplies for winter were stored in cellars. Women could watch for opportunities to buy advantageously and, of course, food bought in large quantities is always cheaper. Now most women are forced to go to the nearest grocer or fruiterer every morning for each day's supply; so the problem is to get food to these retailers in the cheapest and quickest possible way. It is estimated that a saving of more than ten to twenty dollars a car will be made by the plan of wholesale distribution suggested by the food commission. As now managed, a barrel of apples, for which the grower receives two dollars and fifty cents, after being passed back and forth from local dealer to commission men, to jobbers to retailers, each of which must pay trans-

LEAVES

portation, costs the consumer five dollars; a bushel of potatoes, for which the grower receives sixty cents, costs the consumer one dollar and twenty cents.

When the Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs finished its investigation, it was discovered that the distribution cost of marketing cheese in that State was two hundred and seventy-two per cent. Statistics compiled by New York investigators show that consumers pay annually six hundred and forty-five million dollars for their food, of which one hundred and fifty million goes in getting that food from the terminal to the consumer's kitchen.

Editor's Note:—The Pictures of Europe's Famous Markets used to illustrate this article are loaned by Mr. Frank Koester.

LEAVES

ONE by one, like leaves from a tree,
All my faiths have forsaken me;
But the stars above my head
Burn in white and delicate red,
And beneath my feet the earth
Brings the sturdy grass to birth.
I who was content to be
But a silken-singing tree,
But a rustle of delight
In the wistful heart of night,
I have lost the leaves that knew
Touch of rain and weight of dew.
Blinded by a leafy crown
I looked neither up nor down—
But the little leaves that die
Have left me room to see the sky;
Now for the first time I know
Stars above and earth below.

SARA TEASDALE

By Courtesy of *Poetry*.

ART AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC: HOW THEY CAN GET TOGETHER FOR THEIR MUTUAL BENEFIT: BY JOSEPH PENNELL

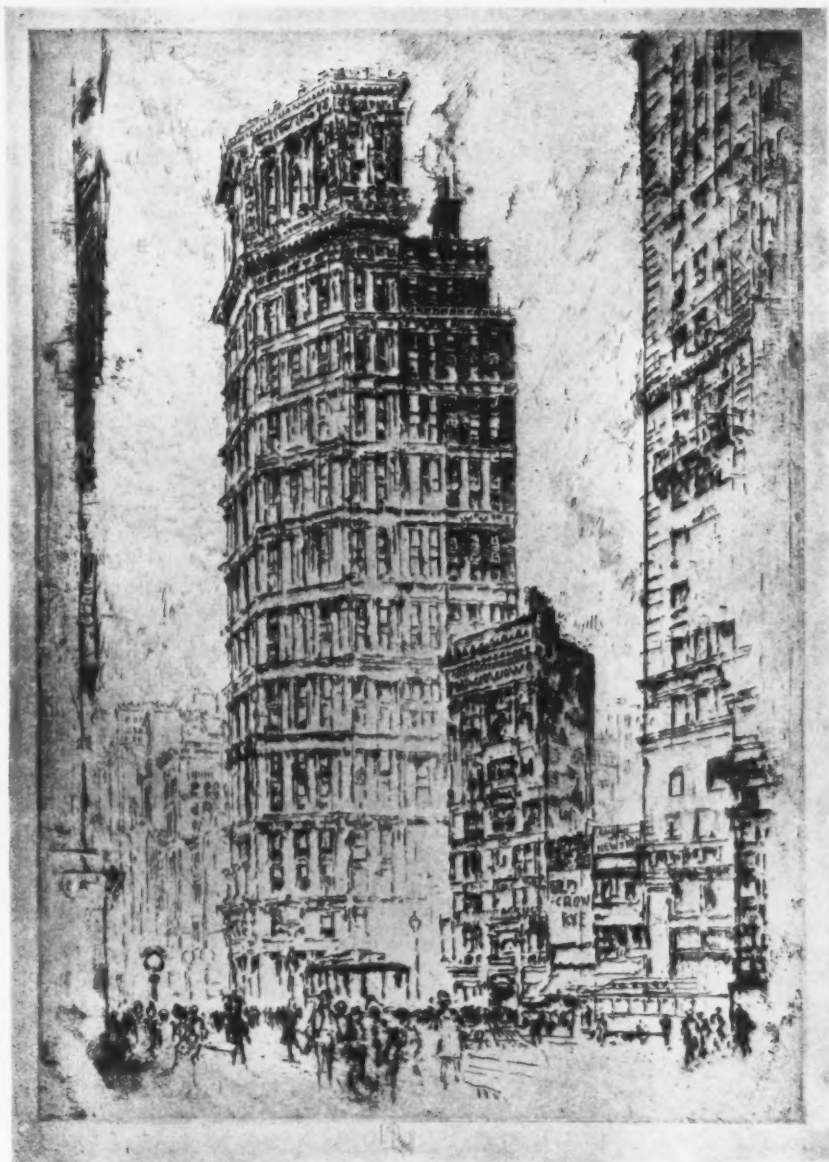


HISTLER once said, "There never was an artistic age, there never was an artistic people." But America—his own country—has disproved that, has it not? We have more galleries, more exhibitions, more prizes, more patrons, more encouragement, more painters, than any other country had before the war—but art is not confined to paint, though some modern painters would like to make the public think so, and do their best to prove it. There are sculptors who have commissions for years ahead, so numerous, I am told, are these commissions; architects who are working night and day to change the face and the skyline of the country and the cities; illustrators not a few of whom prove by their work that they are perfectly familiar with the technique of all their fellows, and who turn out so much that I scarce see how they have the time.

Dealers in New York crowd and jostle each other, and there is not a little city anywhere without an art shop. All over this broad land there are growing up the most valuable and interesting or curious collections and collectors.

There is hardly a town without its art gallery, society or club, while the whole affair is governed, directed and managed by a central authority. Even the cities tax themselves for the support of art, artists and art galleries. Art education has been given a place in schools and colleges. Traveling and perambulating lecturers and docents explain and point out that which might be obscure to the unwary, and even babes—at least they would be babes anywhere else—vote on the merits of their favorites.

Murals are seen on the walls of every public building and many of the private houses one goes to. We are all art critics, and so have no use for the professionals who would instruct us. We are all amateurs and know just what we like, and art has descended upon us and is all over us. There never was such a time, such an opportunity, and there never were so many artists, so much encouragement of them, things never were going so well. As I have said, every town, big and little, has its gallery, many an academy or society, but I overlooked one matter in this revival of art—there is no place on Manhattan Island where an art society or an artist can show in a public gallery, there is no municipal or public gallery in the city of New York (Brooklyn has taken its place). There is but one other great city in the world—London—and London shares with New York the glory of patronizing artists and suppressing their work.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

**ST. PAUL'S BUILDING, New
York: An etching by Joseph Pennell.**



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

TIMES BUILDING in the process of construction: An etching by Joseph Pennell.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

OLD AND NEW New York:
An etching by Joseph Pennell.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

**MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, Union
Square: An etching by Joseph Pennell.**

ART AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

NOW I happen to know something of the condition of affairs in some other great cities of the world. In London the Royal Academy dominates art, and has dominated it for one hundred and fifty years, and will dominate it almost certainly for another hundred and fifty. The method and the reason are as plain as they are carefully hidden.

The Royal Academy cares little for opposition from artists, for if an artist is strong enough to oppose it, and forms a strong enough society to offer strenuous opposition to it, some of the most prominent members of that society are offered membership in the Royal Academy, and they accept, and the power and backbone of the new society are broken. And why do these one-time independent artists accept? For three reasons—their pictures are given a place on the line in every exhibition; they are given social precedence in England; but most important, though least known and carefully concealed, they are given a pension, to say nothing of a palace—dinners, and if officials in the Academy, a salary. An Academy which gives these privileges to its forty members and thirty associates as well as getting its galleries and schoolrooms free, ought to be pretty sure of itself. But it is not—and it will do nothing or has done nothing toward starting a public exhibition gallery in London; though it could do everything. But what is more, though its galleries are unused from August to December, it will not let any other society, any other artists, use them. It will not allow any other body of artists to interfere with its rights and privileges or prestige. Every art society in England contains academicians amongst its members, and so far as I know, and I do know, these societies either have members in the Academy as their officials or are dominated by them. For reasons I have stated, almost every artist resident in Great Britain strives and struggles to get in; even Whistler's name was down for years, and to the everlasting disgrace of the American members, who could have easily elected him, they never did, preferring their pals,—and so there is no public gallery in London.

The Academy also, or members of it, called Charity Trustees, purchase the only modern works officially purchased for the Tate Gallery. The State and County Council believe in the Academy, and would never encourage art that it opposed or erect or support any gallery for modern art that it did not approve of; and the Royal Academy disapproves of all modern art, all galleries but its own. Its conduct has been investigated before Royal commissions and censured, and that is all that happens. The Royal Academy goes on, though almost every British provincial city has a public gallery for the exhibition of modern work and an annual exhibition, and they each

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encourage art and artists by the purchase annually of large numbers of works from these exhibitions. Every important city on the continent of Europe that I know has a public art gallery in which modern art is shown, located in a public park, and these galleries and exhibitions are either managed by the state or city, or the gallery is turned over to various societies at various times to make their own exhibitions, and usually the authorities make a grant for their expenses or pay the bill if there is a deficit; and here to a practical nation of practical business people, as we are never tired of calling ourselves, is a practical proposition.

I WILL take two typical cases, the city of Venice and the city of Paris. Some fifteen or more years ago, the city of Venice, or rather Professor Fradeletto, Signor Grimani, the Sindic, at any rate, these names stood and still stand out, conceived the idea of holding an art exhibition in that city. They knew it must be in the city and accessible; they seized the public garden, the playground of Venice. I believe there was opposition, but the press and the public do not, save in war and strikes, dominate Italy; one half nearly of the garden was taken and enclosed, though this was done gradually. The people were told it would pay Venice—dead despite the business man and the shipping man and the Government's plans and expenditures—again make it a seaport.

The city was absolutely dead in the summer when the scheme of making it the art center of the world occurred to these City Fathers. Outside the chromo and the photo shops in the Piazza, there was no place for the modern Venetian to exhibit. Though every artist went to Venice to work, he never "showed" there. In fact, about eighteen hundred and eighty, when the artists protested against the turning of one of the islands into an arsenal or a hospital, the Sindic (the Mayor) replied he hoped the day would come, and soon, when Venice would be so changed that not an artist would want to visit it. It has changed, and how has this come about? In the beginning there was no place for the artists to show, but in the Public Garden a permanent one was put up, the most eminent artists were invited, others were permitted to submit. Their works were judged by an International Jury, all the expenses of transport, insurance and installation were paid by the city, prizes in money and medals were offered, and it was announced that the state and city would make purchases. The critics of the world were invited, too, and their expenses paid, to attend on a press day before the opening, and they were treated to excursions and dinners far better, in fact, than the artists even. Prizes were offered for their criticisms of the exhibition. Ambassadors

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and patrons were brought in special trains and received in state. Even the advertisements distributed broadcast were artistic, and the literature worth reading and well printed.

So well was the whole affair managed and advertised, that Venice woke up to find itself, what we are never tired of saying we will be some time, the art center of the world *today*. And what has been the result? From that day to this the management has remained in the same hands. First the people were appeased because the exhibition was opened officially by the King, who bought a number of works; the various government officials bought works for their departments; the city of Venice bought works; private syndicates of Venetian merchants, especially the hotel keepers, bought works; the greatest publicity was given to these facts; the public and artists came to see what was being shown and bought, and to do so, they were given return tickets good for nine months over any Italian state railway or steamship from the frontier and back at greatly reduced rates. And the public came in thousands, saw, and they too bought. The result was and is that Venice woke up; the Piazza was crowded, the hotels that were empty became so full that new ones had to be built, and as there was no room in the city, the sandy waste of the Lido became another city.

So great was the success, and the rows over awarding the money prizes, that they never were given again. So great were the sales, so great the publicity, that the most eminent artists strove to be represented. All the while the same management continued, and made themselves the dictators and the final jury, but there are benevolent autocrats and intelligent dictators. The success increased; collectors and dealers and museum directors came from all over Europe, a few even from America, to see modern art. The city ceased to give medals, but it bought more works, and it purchased a palace for a modern museum to put its acquisitions in, and the artists of Europe and the Americans of Europe showed an increasing eagerness to have their work shown, to get on the Jury, to attend the opening, the State Banquet in the Doge's Palace, and the other functions.

THEN another idea occurred to the directors; they took over more of the park and they put up small galleries in it. There is now but a strip at the front left the public when the exhibition is over, and even that is closed at official functions. These small galleries were offered to various nations, one to the United States, and refused, only to be purchased for Great Britain, not by its Government, but by a private individual, and turned over to a British Art Committee. The other nations purchased theirs, and over them, as

ART AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

over Embassies, float national flags. And here was the scheme: as the pavilions are national, each nation fills its gallery as it likes, and pays its own expenses, save that the superior Jury, the directors, can reject anything, even though hung, that they object to. The result is the main exposition building is given over one-half to Italian art and the other half, or rather about one-third, to collective exhibits by artists, living or dead, whom the directors wish to honor, to make known in Italy. Several Americans have already been so honored—Bartlett, Miller, Freiseke, Sargent and myself amongst others. After the pavilion was refused by the United States, three rooms were offered free to the National Academy, and a more commonplace collection could not have been exhibited. Good enough; the assumption, later carried out at Rome, being that anything was good enough for the Dagoes. Some works that were sent were rejected; and when I, representing the country on the Jury, asked why, I was told, because they were not up to the Venetian standard, and I could but agree; in fact, the statement, the last statement, made by Frank Millet in Rome at the American garage hencoop palace gallery, that "American art had got a black eye it would not get over in Europe for twenty-five years," was perfectly true. And at the opening of the American Galleries that year the American ambassador was conspicuous by his absence. To sum up this example, Venice is the art metropolis of the world today. The papers are out for next year, and the show will be held if the city still stands. The last exhibition suffered terribly from this terrible war, but at the previous one I believe more than half the works exhibited were sold, and sold to collectors all over the world; and owing to this exhibition of the Fine Arts, Venice is again a prosperous, a flourishing city.

As to Paris, have not the salons held in a public park for a century brought tourists, amateurs, collectors and artists, and with them endless money that they spend, to Paris? So well is this known, that the Grand and Petit Palais are never without, or were not till this war, a show in them.

Berlin, Barcelona, Munich, Budapest, Brussels, Venice, Rome, all have shows of modern art in modern galleries, built and owned by the states or cities and all in public parks. Even London has its annual academy, but that and the millions of shillings it has brought are for the members and not for art, but for Academicians, as is true of our Academy. Here is this hustling, business, go-ahead, commercial, even artistic city of New York. What have we got in the way of a gallery for the Academy or any society as a public gallery for the exhibition of modern art? Nothing; and this has been pre-

A FARM AND CULTURE

vented by cranks who leave the park open to the grossest indecency—landscape gardeners who don't mind the whole place being littered with newspapers and other similar rubbish, enthusiasts who endlessly talk of encouraging art and artists, and when a practical suggestion is made that we should encourage it and add millions to the revenue of the city and incidentally to artists, suppress every attempt to erect what every other city save London—they are known, many of them, anglomaniacs—has got. Look, for example, at the popular exhibition lately held in New York, Sorolla and the Futurists, which brought in millions, and yet not one cent can be spent or one inch of ground given for the exhibition of American art in the greatest American city. It is the most pitiful exhibition of American artlessness that the world has ever seen, a farce funnier than our comics to Europeans, a sad spectacle indeed to the few Americans who know a loss of revenue that the average American business man seems unaware of; something to be ashamed of, something that can and must be changed. We must have a gallery in Central Park, and the city or the State must support it as they do the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Brooklyn Museum. By so doing they would really encourage modern art, as every other city in Europe does—save London.

A FARM AND CULTURE

A MAN should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. Manual labor is the study of the external world. The advantages of riches remain with him who procured them, not with the heir. I feel some shame before my woodchopper, my ploughman and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency; they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY: BY MARGARET WIDDEMER



WISH that I might turn back
On the Wonderful Country's track,
Where all o' the folk were wonder-wise
And all o' the world was new, . . .
Where apple-trees swept the moon,
And long as a year was June,
And just beyond the yellow road's rise
Anything might come true!

Your little red gate swung free
From Home to the Endless Lands,
Where you always could find a Dream a-rhyme
In azure or gold or blue,
Where the Lady that You Would Be
Stood waving her gold-ringed hands
From out afar in that gracious time
Where everything waited you!

Where any thrilled hour might show,
Dim-framed in the river-glass,
Shivering gleam of silver mail
(Lids half-low in the wood!)
Spear upon spear arow,
As swift as a shadow pass
The glimmering Knights of the Holy Grail
Come succoring Robin Hood!

(Robin Hood? . . . He was gone
Just only a moment past!
Still you could hear the dreaming horn
From over a neighbor's hill;
Out from the Sherwood-lawn
Afar and more sweet the blast
Over the towers of Lincoln borne,
Whispering silver-still!)

Then was an easy way
Through the reddening gates of Day:
To the golden house of the Sun and Moon
Was only an hour or so,
Where the Sun and the Moon sat alone,

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

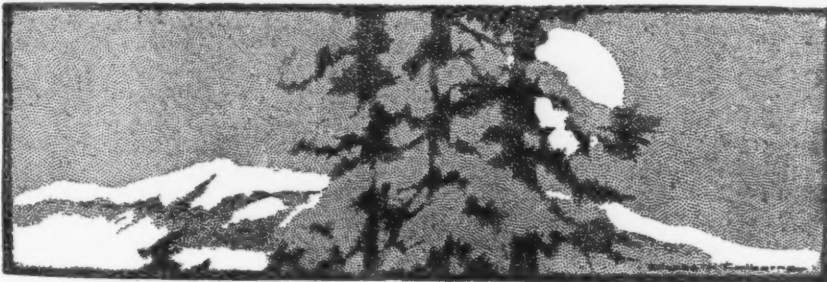
Great lords on their turquoise throne,
And swift for the sake of a song you spun,
Would tell you the way to go:

Where the curtseying Stars bent fair,
And each from her silver chair
(’Twas all for the love of a tale you told
Or a little earth-gift you gave)
Would give to you brazen shoon
And counseling birds of gold
And even the Ivory Key for boon,
That opened the Crystal Cave. . . .

(There was only enchanted water
To cross, and the Witch’s Daughter
To bribe with the golden egg o’ the Sun
And silver nuts o’ the Moon:
And a little old song to sing
And a tear—and your toiling done
And wide awake the Enchanted King
And the sorrowing over soon). . . .

*For any strange land to find
By magical night or noon
You had only to leap on the Red Fox’s back
And be over the green hill’s brow
More fast than the whistling wind. . . .
Oh, I wish I could follow the track
That leads by way of the Sun or the Moon
To the Wonderful Country now!*

From "The Factories and Other Lyrics," Published by John C. Winston.



AMERICA IN BLOOM: THE WORK OF THE COUNTRY GARDEN CLUBS, EAST AND WEST

"To make a garden is to paint a living picture with the pigments of the Almighty."
—Persian Poet

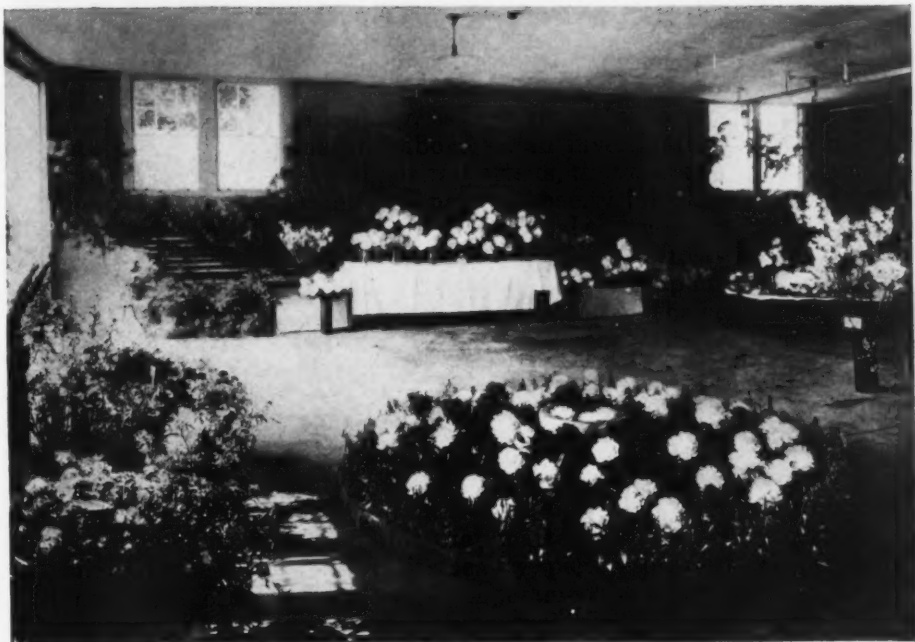


THE tremendous interest in garden clubs started by a group of earnest flower-loving women of Philadelphia a few years ago has been like a pebble tossed into the still waters of a lake. It has spread in ever-widening circles until the farthest shores of our country have felt the gentle motion and quickened into bloom, and America now bids fair to become one vast, lovely, fragrant garden. As an ocean is made up of tiny drops, so will this great national garden be made up of countless individual flower plots planted by members of the garden clubs, touching, blending with each other, back yard, front yard, street, road, meadow, open country, merging into one another with scarce a break. There is chance for almost every species of flower under the sun to become naturalized somewhere in this favored land of ours, from tropic and semi-tropic Florida and California to the Alpine heights of our beautiful Eastern and Western mountain ranges. Our marshes, sandy wastes, rich valley lands, hills and groves provide homes for plant immigrants from so many climes, that a great variety of flower beauty is assured.

The women of our land have plunged with characteristic, practically directed energy into the task of making and maintaining this national garden. Their first step has been the organization of garden clubs. The number and activity of these clubs indicate beyond a question that with American women to think is to act, for they have already made a noticeable change in our highways and byways, little home gardens and city parks.

Deep in every woman's nature is a native love of flowers. With a little quickening this love ripens into a practical working knowledge of plant life. The hundreds of women, members of garden clubs, now eagerly and actively working for the beautifying of America through personal gardens, well-planted streets, parks, etc., are all laborers, not theorists, for membership in a garden club is restricted to workers, not merely for lovers of beautiful gardening.

The work of the garden clubs falls naturally into two divisions—individual culture and civic beautifying. Horticultural knowledge has been lacking with amateurs as a general thing, that is, they lack knowledge of method and material. Now that these essentials are being gained by personal experiments, a distinctive type of American garden is developing expressive of our social and physical environment. These women gardeners urge and personally supervise the

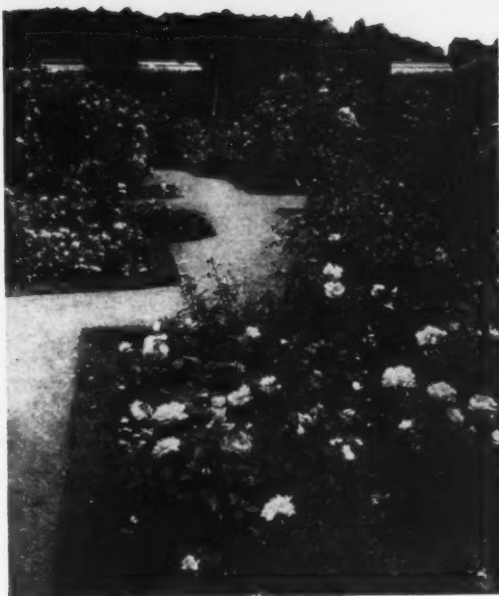


VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT CLUB Exhibition of Wenham, Massachusetts, held in a garage, is shown above: The purpose of this exhibition was to stimulate interest in developing the beauty of the city by means of individual gardens and street planting.

This photograph is a good illustration of the enthusiasm shown at such exhibitions when neighbors compete in friendly interest for the honor of the best grown gardens.

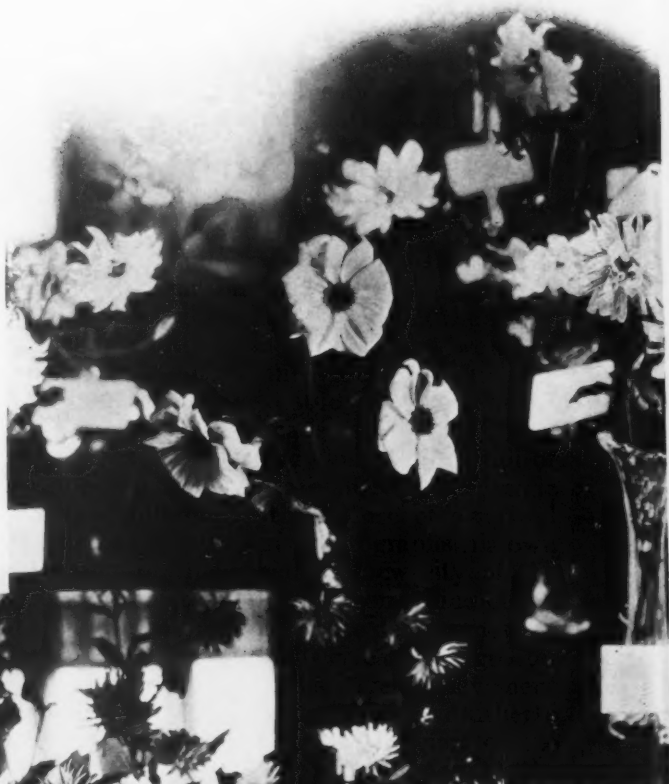
LITTLE GARDENS LIKE THIS one shown at the right not only give pleasure and satisfaction to the women who make them, but to every one in the town wherein it is located: If every home had even a few such flowers America would be one vast fragrant garden.

One of the pleasures and advantages of garden clubs is the exchange of seeds, slips and plants—a friendly as well as inexpensive way of increasing the beauty and extent of gardens.



THE SINGLE DAHLIA, "Sunshine," shown at the right, won the first prize at the Dahlia Show given by the Short Hills, New Jersey, Garden Club on the twenty-ninth of September: The "Magnificent," a mammoth red, shaded with white, won the second prize in this class.

BELOW IS A CACTUS DAHLIA, "Wolfgang Von Goethe," a magnificent flame color which won the first prize in its class at this same garden show: The "Kalif," a brilliant scarlet, won the second prize.



EACH GARDEN Club holds exhibitions similar to this Dahlia Show: Sometimes the display flower is a Rose, at others Daffodils, Irises; sometimes even vegetables enter into the competition.



THE EXHIBITION OF THE Short Hills Garden Club is typical of the exhibitions given by all other garden clubs in which members who are practical workers, instead of merely being flower lovers, make a study of particular flowers, that all members of the same club may be benefited by her knowledge as well as herself.

"ANDREW CARNEGIE" shown at the right, a soft blush pink in color, won the first prize in its class at the Short Hills Dahlia Show: "Dr. Peary," a rich dark red, won the second prize and "Marotinum," a brilliant yellow and orange, captured the third prize: Other good varieties shown were Queen Emma, blush pink, Queen Wilhelmina, a white, and Eugenia, soft pink.

The dahlias of this exhibition, all grown by amateurs, rank well with those displayed by professionals at the annual garden show given this fall in New York City: In size, perfection of blossom and color they showed what a little knowledge will do toward producing a more excellent quality of flower.





THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT Club of Wenham, Massachusetts, held its exhibition in a garage: This is typical of the energy and enthusiasm which animates every garden club.

Sometimes club meetings are held in the gardens of the members when their especial flower is at its best: An experienced gardener is often called in then to speak upon the best way of cultivating that flower.

THE LITTLE GARDEN at the left is a good example of the gardens planted by women who have gained their experience in garden clubs and who have united in one immense organization for the beautifying of America through the planting of gardens.

By neighborly coöperation and interest in the beautiful cities the task of making America the garden spot of the world will be easily accomplished.

AMERICA IN BLOOM

cultivation of roadside beauty, and turn the waste dumping places of city land into fragrant bowers or practical vegetable plots. They have also done much to interest the schoolchildren of America in garden planning, so that the future race may be as well versed in plant lore as they are in the rudimentary branches now insisted upon in the school curriculum.

THE Garden Club of Philadelphia was the first garden club in this country, and when the interest became widespread, it organized the Garden Club of America, which has now, in two years, grown to be a very strong society. The object of the Garden Club of America is to stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening among amateurs, through conferences and correspondence in this country and abroad; to share the advantages of association; to aid in the protection of native plants and birds and to encourage civic planting. It has done much to raise the general standard of gardening by bringing together, from all parts of the country, interested and experienced amateurs who otherwise would have had no opportunity for exchange of knowledge. Among their practical departments are those that investigate and recommend desirable and helpful garden books and lectures, that test plants and plant remedies, that work toward the beautifying of roadsides and settlements. The Garden Club of America is made up of other garden clubs, not individuals, so that the membership is widespread and powerful. It is doing notable work in protecting native plants and making the roadsides attractive, encouraging the planting of trees, stimulating the interests of gardeners.

The Garden Club of Illinois has taken up two main lines—the study of private gardening and the encouragement of community interest in trees and beautifying of public places. Each member of this club selects a flower or a shrub to grow as her specialty. She experiments with varieties and manner of culture, and gives this knowledge as her contribution to the club. At the time of the blooming of the specialty in her garden, members are asked to visit and inspect; reports giving results are written, and at the end of the year all those of value are typed and distributed. In this way the garden workers are building up a valuable library of information. Through the activity of this State club an ordinance was passed in Lake Forest (headquarters of the Garden Club of Illinois), under which a commission of forestry was appointed and a professional forester hired to care for the city trees and to operate a spraying machine contributed by a member of the club and maintained by the city. A contest has been held for landscaping a small park, and much has

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been done to stimulate an active interest in the growth of wild flowers. But best of all, during a period of serious unemployment last winter, the association gave financial assistance to the Civic Garden Association of Chicago which established fifty small farms on unused city property, and paid the salary of an expert farmer for six months.

THE gardeners of Montgomery and Delaware counties, Pennsylvania, have arranged a novel garden-planning contest for fall display. This contest is not to be of diagrams on paper, but is to be carried out in miniature in plastocene, wax or any other medium according to individual taste, something after the fashion of Japanese saucer gardening, though the design must be strictly American. Two plant exchanges will be held each spring, when all those who have more plants than they can use bring them to exchange for those of some one else. The members of the club are urged to raise flowers suitable for cutting to be given to the Fruit, Flower and Ice Mission, which holds its meetings regularly once a week all summer at various stations along the main line. The small bouquets which they send are composed of "something white, something bright, something sweet and something green." Rose geraniums, mint, lemon verbena and balm are used as "green" and also "sweet smelling;" the preference is given to small flowers which do not fade too easily. For the last three years they have offered annual prizes for the improvement and beautifying of home gardens, front and back yards, and the effect on their neighborhood has been very appreciable.

The Garden Club of Cleveland held last January a window-box show, a novel as well as practical and delightful display. They have had exhibits of dahlias, chrysanthemums and other popular flowers, lectures by practical gardeners, and have subscribed a fund of five hundred dollars to further garden work among the schoolchildren.

Ridgewood, New Jersey, boasts a garden club whose membership is confined exclusively to men, the only one of its kind, as far as we know. Each member reads a paper upon the subject he has made a special study of—such practical subjects as spraying, pruning, hot-beds, cold-frames, making and care of lawns, fertilizers, small fruits and the specializing of new flowers.

The Short Hills Garden Club follows out a practical and inspiring line of work. Each member adopts a certain flower on which to specialize and accumulates information that all may share; as to where best to buy, how to plant, etc. This club has a meeting every week, usually the hostess of the day reading a paper; it has a daffodil show in the spring, a general flower show in June and a dahlia show in

AMERICA IN BLOOM

the fall. Mrs. C. H. Stout, secretary of this club, took a special prize for a beautiful dahlia, a semi-double flower of a soft pinkish yellow, of her own hybridization, at the Dahlia Show held in New York September twenty-fourth, competing with several professionals.

Among the subjects of the lectures given at the various garden clubs are such helpful ones as "Plant Immigrants," "Flower Arrangements," "Garden Designs," "Color Standards," "Wild Flower Gardens," "Lawn Making," "Trees," and of course each flower of the garden in turn had its special day of attention. Experience meetings have proven to be as interesting as the lectures given by professionals. At these meetings each member gives her own experience, helpful or humorous, so that the struggles and successes of each woman are practically shared by every member of the club.

That women have not taken up the subject of gardening simply as a social pastime is shown by the organization of the Women's National Agricultural and Horticultural Association. It conflicts with no existing garden organization though members of other clubs have joined it. City dwellers with small backyards, flat dwellers with only window-boxes, successful women farmers, commercial growers, women deeply interested in agriculture and horticulture, the isolated farmer's wife who wishes to come in touch with wider interests, the owner of large estates, notable landscape gardeners and amateurs, social and settlement workers, school garden and playground enthusiasts, expert gardeners, lecturers and writers on horticulture, all find a welcome in the association. Those who ask for encouragement and advice may have it, those able to do constructive work have the happiness of giving their help when it is sorely needed. The object of this Association is interchange of ideas and assistance directly between members, the increase of knowledge, bringing together the producer and the consumer, employer and employee, gardener and land, individuals who might form a partnership, aiding and encouraging schoolgardens and vacant lot gardening.



THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND: THE EMBLEM OF STRENGTH AND COURAGE



THE national characteristic of Poland is chivalry, and, with her love of the great and beautiful, she has that other inevitable essential to chivalry, tenderness. Her vision of what is great and fine has never failed her, even back to the ninth century, where her history trails off into the midst of confused European struggles.

No other nation probably has lived so steadily at the point of the sword, but out of suffering she has developed a soul that in expressing itself has given the world great music, acting of the highest order, singing that has ravished all hearts, patriots not only for her own nation but for Austria, for America, for every struggling land. Poland has never been without her warriors, and alas! has never been without her need of them. She has been the battlefield not only for nations, but for art, religion, science; her sympathetic valiant people have given their lives by the thousands and hundreds of thousands in their long, vain struggle for political unification.

Poland has been the university, the academy, the hospital for all of struggling Europe for many centuries, and in return she has received little other than treachery, cruelty and torture. In the fifteenth century the great university of Cracow was the Mecca of the thoughtful world. Kosciuszko and the great astronomist Copernicus, "who stopped the sun and put the earth in motion," were both educated and taught in this university. It was in Poland, too, that the first state university of education was established and that universal public education was organized: this in seventeen hundred.

Over and over again Poland has repulsed the great invasions of the East which to destroy Christianization; she has Tartar, the Turk. The Poles under saved Vienna hordes of Muscovites. Austria has forgotten their land's faith in White Eagle of borne through battlefield of the and always on



have threatened tianity and civil- held back the and the Mongol. John Sobieski from the terrible vites. Austria this, the Jews Poland's hospi- refuge, Prussia forgotten their land's faith in White Eagle of borne through tlefield of the and always on

THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND

the side of honor, righteousness and freedom—the White Eagle of Poland which alights on the heart of every Polish child. Because of the sound of the wings of the White Eagle, little Polish children have been beaten to death in public squares of Polish streets, and the mothers who mourned for them flogged publicly. But whatever happens to the nation, however terribly she is dismembered, even when her own sons come back doing battle under foreign flags, the White Eagle rests over the nation, and under its wings Poland's soldiers are comforted and in her breast her children rest and gain strength to struggle once more

for their freedom, their power, their beauty. Whatever may be done to the men, women and children of Poland, the White Eagle cannot be maimed or wounded or soiled, and until the nation of which it is the emblem is free or dead it will hover over the stricken people—a symbol of national motherhood.

Those who know Poland love her; she has been called a hero and a knight, and she has borne patiently yet not complainingly her great suffering; she has lived her life in the battlefield, in the dungeon; her patriots have been martyrs, her heroes have quickly rested in the graveyard; but her great intellect has never weakened and the splendid fire of her vision has never been extinguished.

It was only in Poland that Chopin could have been born, it was only a Pole with heart throbbing with the anguish of his nation who could have interpreted the music of this great composer. Chopin and Paderewski have both suffered for their country, they are both great nationalists as well as great artists. Indeed, this is true of all Polish genius. Madame Sembrich is suffering profoundly with her country, Hofmann plays today for Poland's benefit, the de Reszkes are working heart and soul for their nation. Jean de Reszke is in Paris, his only son, a writer and painter, serving as a volunteer in the French army; Eduard de Reszke is in the battleground near Warsaw. He has recently written to America, saying: "We spend most of



Kosciuszko,
"Father of
American
Artillery."



Chopin, the great lyric composer of the world, a Pole by birth: From an old steel engraving.

THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND

the week in our cellars. We have no coal, no means of lighting—for there are neither candles nor oil—no salt and no sugar. The coffee ran out long ago, but we have some tea left. When that goes we must drink water. Prince and Princess Lubomirski, whose palace has been razed to the ground, have come to us, so have our nieces and nephews. We all keep together, wondering whether we shall live through the day or not. The nights are the worst, for we are in darkness all the time, and the roar of the guns seems worse then. But we put our trust in God and hope for the best."

A most courageous expression for a man of years, once the idol of the world for his beautiful singing.

Quite rightly the weeping willow is the chosen floral emblem of Poland; the willow which is used for shade, for fuel, which protects the rivers, the source of life, a symbol of courage, a symbol, too, of tragedy, with her boughs bending sorrowfully to the earth. The White Eagle and the Weeping Willow sum up the history, the romance, the beauty and the sorrow of this country, at once the world's hero and victim.

I HAVE recently seen that the first King of Poland was a peasant, Piast, chosen to rule over the country in eight hundred and fifty. It is an interesting fact that the most democratic of the European countries should have been ruled in the first place by a peasant king; it is equally interesting to remember that such an aristocracy as Poland's should have had birth in the nation of a peasant ruler. Undoubtedly throughout her national experiences Poland has been the true democrat of Europe, at least in spirit, for always the people have been in the vanguard of progressive movements. In the very earliest days of the Government, when serfdom prevailed in all the countries of Europe, the Polish peasant did not belong to the lord; he could not be sold; even when an estate passed into other hands,



Jean de Reszke, the Polish tenor whom America loved.

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the peasant was not obliged to leave his farm. He was well off, he could raise money on his property; he really possessed a home and land. Back as far as seventeen ninety-one, Poland had reached the point of giving universal suffrage to the people; and while in all other countries the citizens' rights depended chiefly on income and taxes, in general on some economical condition, in Poland the suffrage was for every man, and the poorest citizens could become nobles if they accomplished individually or collectively something fine for the nation.

In Poland the intercourse between the peasants and the nobles has always been cordial to a degree, with no special deference to the rich and powerful. Owing to the simple life led by the Polish people, there was formerly but little poverty. The form of address, "Brother," which early came into existence between all people of the nation, still survives. The general tendency of the Polish constitution from the beginning has been to have the great officers and dignitaries of state



Nicholas Copernicus, the Polish astronomer, "who stopped the sun and put the earth in motion."

elected, and the repeated effort to make them hereditary was rendered futile by the general body of the people. And Poland is the only European state which down to the sixteenth century boasted no martial force except its armed and mounted nobles. An old German writer, Widukind, said back in the tenth century that the Germans made war for fame and conquest, the Poles to defend their liberty and avoid slavery. It is an extraordinary thing how national attributes persist through centuries.

The Poles took no part in the early religious wars which devas-

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tated Europe, but Calvinists, Lutherans, Greeks were welcome to make their home there, and for a long time Poland was called the "Promised Land" of the Jews. Indeed, the Poles actually forced their kings to swear that they would tolerate all sects.

The Polish love of liberty implies a love of liberty for others. In no other country have foreigners been given such privileges as in Poland. Poland was the largest republic in Europe after the fall of the Roman republic, and to it came for refuge all the advanced reformers persecuted in their own countries. The Hussites fled to Poland from Bohemia after their defeat at the White Mountain; the Armenians came from the Caucasus in large numbers.

America perhaps more than any other nation has reason to remember the generosity of the Poles to people in trouble. She is indebted to Poland for the services of her illustrious sons—Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Kosciuszko has been called the "Father of American Artillery," and Pulaski the "Father of American Cavalry." The Polish heroes fought for independence and helped the Colonies "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

ALTHOUGH the Poles are a thoughtful people, acquainted with sorrow, they have as a race a love of natural gaiety, including dance, song and social intercourse, which spreads through every phase of society. The Slavs throughout Europe are a sincere, simple and hospitable people, and the one thing in which they differ most from their immediate neighbors, the Germans and Muscovites, is their cult for women. The influence and the independence of Polish women are evident in all their tradition, history, romance and art.

Poland early freed her womanhood from the primitive shackles of barbarism and prejudice. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the reign of Wladyslaw, a delegation of women from great and little Poland and from Lithuania presented a petition to the National Diet demanding legal protection of their rights, the abolition of laws designed for the exploitation of women, the granting of broader rights to mothers and the restriction of rights of fathers. And the women of Poland in turn have shown great heroism and self sacrifice for their country; they have been the inspiration of the men, sharing intellectual, political, artistic and scientific interests.

In going through the Polish "legion-of-honor" names in the world of art and science, we encounter not only many that are very familiar, but quite a number whom we have not perhaps always associated with Poland, for it seems that Fahrenheit, Kant, Nietzsche,



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI:
The latest photograph of this
great Polish composer and pianist.



HELENA MODJESKA, Poland's radiant actress, as well-known in America as in her native land.



MARCELLA SEMBRICH,
Poland's song bird, one of
the world's best loved artists.



NIKOLA TESLA, famous electrician, born in Austro-Poland: One of the electrical geniuses of the world.

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Hauptmann, Sudermann, as well as Madame Curie, were all either of Polish descent or born on Polish soil; and Josef Conrad, the literary light of Europe today, is also a Pole, although he has lived much of his life in England and is often spoken of as an English writer. The most popular lyric poet in all Poland is a woman, Marya Konopnicka, and the most read novelist of the times is also a woman.

IT is not necessary to visit Poland in order to come in contact with her essential greatness. It is only necessary to sincerely study the art of this land of genius. In addition to some of the world's greatest musical composers, we have the singing of the de Reszkes and Sembrich, the acting of Helena Modjeska, the pictures of Matejko, Wyspianski which are inspired by Poland's beauty, Polish architecture and poetry, and Poland's most vital and inspiring dancing. The *polonez*, the *mazur* and the *krakowiak* are the three national Polish dances and they are the nation, the race in epitome. The *polonez* gives the color, the ceremony, the grace, the rhythm of the Polish aristocracy; the *mazur* brings vividly before one the gallantry, the recklessness of the landed gentry; the *krakowiak*, which is the best known in America, shows the quick, passionate abandon so characteristic of the Polish peasant; and the music for these dances produced by Polish genius seems to be out of the very bone and sinew of the dance of the nation.

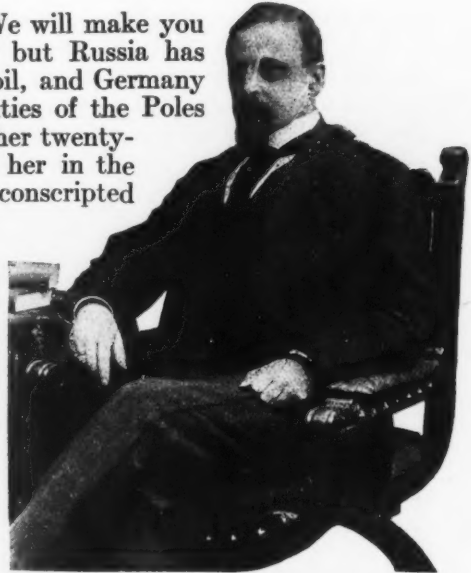
With all the national and individual tragedy that Poland has experienced in the last century, and which seems to have culminated in the past months, she still has the impulse, the courage, the wisdom to continue to improve the condition of her social life. A "sociological" park has been established near Warsaw, subsidized by the Government, where to the accompaniment of an excellent orchestra, Polish plays are given every night in the year. The state official who is in charge of the plays declares that they are growing in popularity. They are at present presented in Polish, with an occasional Russian play. In Praga, one of the suburbs of Warsaw, there is a public park visited by thirty thousand people on Sundays and holidays. Here there is every opportunity in the world for wholesome merrymaking for children and old people, and the old Slav love of color, music and pleasure is to be seen. In these parks there are dancing pavilions where the national dances are enjoyed by peasant folk. There are acrobatic shows and Punch and Judy pavilions. There are also kindergarten schools in these parks, and the children are brought clean and presentable for their chance at education.

Today Poland is being crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. Russia has made her great promises and sought her co-

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operation. Prussia has said, "We will make you into a great, thriving country;" but Russia has fought her battles on Polish soil, and Germany has swept through the great cities of the Poles with sword and fire. Many of her twenty-five million are fighting against her in the Prussian army, many have been conscripted in Galicia to fight with Austria, and when today Poland is at war, she does not know whether she is battling to save herself from the enemy or is destroying her own sons. It would seem as though no country had ever been so oppressed, so tortured, had ever shown such courage in facing tragedy and in holding and developing a certain national splendor.

There is no doubt in the minds of the most thoughtful students of political economy that Poland united and free, with her twenty-five million population and her great natural resources, would very speedily be able to maintain industrial and commercial establishments. She is, as we have already said, instinctively and by tradition a democracy, she is also possessed of the finest of all aristocracies, that of art and literature. Her people are inventive, profoundly sincere in their scientific activities, imaginative in their music, painting and sculpture, still possessing the primitive fire which means a land of singing, dancing people. With the deepest respect for the achievements of other nations, with the widest sympathy for their sorrows or disasters, with an absolutely unconquerable patriotism, Poland stands today the saddest, most gifted, most splendid of small nations, begging only for her freedom and offering the world rich returns in hospitality, beauty and progress. Poland now turns to America. What will she receive?



Eduard de Reszke, the famous Polish basso, one of the most distinguished singers of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Editor's note:—Just as we are going to press we hear that both Sembrich and Paderewski are starting out on a campaign for the relief of Poland. Paderewski has lectured and played at Carnegie Hall and Mme. Sembrich is really devoting her life to the raising of a fund for the helpless, sick and starving in her native land. It is a spectacle of some fineness when the great of the land, the great artistically, give their genius and strength to aid and ameliorate the sorrows of the very desolate of their own country.

"WILLOW, WILLOW," BY EDITH M. THOMAS

It is said that England lacks cradles, the best willow for the purpose growing in Belgium.



*WILLOW, willow, river-willow—you for cradles counted
best,
Hear you not that England's babies lack their wonted cozy
nest—
Lack the springy woven basket, with the white hood over-
head,
Shielding happily a little sleeper in a snowy bed?"*

*"All in vain you call the willow. For we willows now are found
Bending with our load of sorrows—stooping till we sweep the ground!
None there are to trim our branches or to braid the pliant strand—
All the willows now are weeping in the stricken Flemish land!*

*"Spring comes fearing—and retireth!
Blight on every budding branch!
Men and trees and soil are bleeding from a wound Spring cannot
stanch.
If our buds we could push forward, they would crimson be—not
green,
For there's crimson on the rivers to whose shuddering lips we lean!*

*"England, England, if our springy osiers you would have again,
Haste, and lend you strength unto us, for we strive to rise in vain.
Cradles have we none for babies—none with pleasant sleep and
dreams—
All the willows now are weeping by the haunted Flemish streams!"*

*"Willows, willows, river-willows, England heeds your long lament;
All her hearts of oaken fiber to your lifting shall be lent;
England strikes for you untiring, till upright again you stand—
Till no more the willows shall be weeping in the Flemish land!"*

Courtesy New York World.

DAY-BEDS, VERY NEW AND VERY OLD: THEIR HISTORY AND MODERN USE



THE present form of the couch or sofa, called a day-bed, is not easy to trace. Its style has many times become entirely changed through different usages of court and army camp life of both France and England; yet the name and function have been so interchangeable that it is difficult to make a distinction. Almost anything approaching the couch or sofa form has at different periods of history been referred to as a day-bed.

To sketch briefly the history of the day-bed as far as may be determined will furnish an interesting study of evolution as well as furnish solution to many other forms of furniture. The day-bed was doubtless used at first in bed chambers much as the *chaise longue*. Today, however, it has become a part of our living-room furniture. The form shown in the pen and ink illustration resembles the canopy beds; although the canopy bed was a tremendous architectural affair, the draped day-bed was narrow and more delicate in every way. The couch with the back and sides was often placed against the wall of a drawing room and the canopy draped from the wall projecting over the couch. Sometimes the canopy was seen draped from an elevation at one side, instead of the center as shown in this sketch. Shakespeare alludes to the day-bed when he speaks of the velvet gown of Malvolio having come from a day-bed, and again a reference is made to one in Richard the Third. Another interesting record of the same is in "Beaumont and Fletcher" in the following passage:

"Is the great couch of the Duke of Medina sent?"

"'Tis up and ready."

"And day-beds in all chambers?"

"In all, lady."

The day-bed of the illustration was taken from "The Gentlemen and Cabinet Makers' Director, Third Edition, by Thomas Chippendale, St. Martin's Lane, Lon-

A day-bed of Jacobean design especially notable for the beautifully carved stretcher.



DAY-BEDS, NEW AND OLD

don." It is called a couch bed and is about six feet eight inches long and five feet deep, the style being something between Rococo and Chinese. The Director also contains an interesting Chinese sofa, a sort of combination canopy bed and sofa typical of this period. It was only five feet long by two feet four inches deep and evidently was made mostly to be used as a sofa is used during the day to recline upon, being too narrow for comfortable sleep at night.



A couch day-bed,
taken from one of
Chippendale's Fur-
niture Books.

Glancing through the "Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Guide, Third Edition, by A. Hepplewhite and Company," one finds but one sofa form which might be called a day-bed. It would appear to be comfortable, being six or seven feet long by about three feet deep and graceful of design. The others all have the curved seat roll which would render repose impossible. Under-bracing and the ancient day-bed departed simultaneously about seventeen hundred and twenty-five, there being left scarcely a reminiscence of the form of the century before.

Sheraton's book, "The Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Drawing Book," published seventeen hundred and ninety-three, shows a sofa bed, two sides and a back of equal height, fitted with bolsters and covered with canopy influenced by the French Empire. Regarding this question of canopy beds or the couch covered with a canopy, Percy MacQuoid says: "The monotonous scroll that formed the principal feature in furniture after eighteen hundred and twenty was even introduced on beds, and very little difference is noticeable between the beds and the sofa of that time." As desire for better sanitary conditions arose, canopies gradually disappeared, and the couch covered with the canopy, which makes it so similar to the bed, was no longer used.

DAY-BEDS, NEW AND OLD



A day-bed of Adams inspiration, an interesting combination of mahogany, cane, brocade and velvet.

With the coming of the Dutch in England, the day-bed became more comfortable. With the greater refinement of living came greater elegance and grace in design of the furniture. In Chippendale's time the original day-bed had practically passed, and except for a few reproductions has never been revived as an article of English furniture. The French *chaise longue* copied the form and became in time the most luxurious piece of furniture.

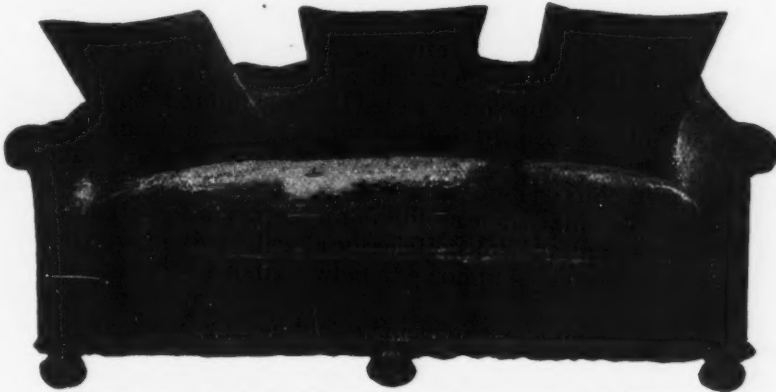
Some of the most beautiful day-beds have come to us from Jacobean times. The day-bed of the pen and ink drawing we are showing belongs doubtless to the time of Charles the Second, when the cane seat and back came into such popularity. These cane seats were made more luxurious by upholstered cushions of velvet, velours and rich brocades; stretchers and legs were beautifully carved or made in the form of scrolls. The back quite often was adjustable and the pillow sometimes took the form of a round bolster. These beds, usually made of walnut, had no back or arms, which separated them somewhat from the *chaise longue*.

These old Jacobean day-beds are now being reproduced with slight variations, in both mahogany and oak; sometimes the back is adjustable between two fixed pillars tipped at a slight angle. Sometimes one end was straight, being merely a direct extension of the legs. A day-bed with beautifully carved stretchers such as is shown in the pen and ink illustration, which quite naturally follows along the line of many of the old Jacobean chairs, would be a graceful addition to a hall, drawing or even dining room. It would make an admirable reading couch for a library and be a helpful substitute for a sofa in

DAY-BEDS, NEW AND OLD

the bedroom. In fact, being a lighter form of the early settle, which was merely to be sat on and not lounged upon, it could quite generally be substituted for this straight-backed, rather stiff article of furniture.

The third illustration shows still another distinct form of day-bed; more like a couch, yet designed upon generous lines, it is long and wide and comfortable enough for sleeping purposes. This couch form of day-bed shows the classic influence of Adam. Adam designed many exquisite and widely differing sofas which are still furnishing inspiration for present-day furniture makers. Some were without backs but with scrolled end pieces and straight legs, some on light frames had turned legs, all were graceful and rather formal. The couch day-bed of our illustration shows the French influence that Adam brought with him from his famous journey to France in seventeen hundred and fifty-four—that journey which so lightened the whole spirit of English furniture. Though somewhat restrained and formal, it is distinctly luxurious in feeling. The prim cane back and straight frame is offset by soft, thick, down mattresses and wide luxurious soft cushions. This couch day-bed, carried out in mahogany, upholstered in heavy silk brocade and rich velvet pillows, would add to the richness of an elegantly furnished city drawing room.



Modern couch day-bed of French blue velour, a marvel of luxury and comfort.

The fourth illustration shows an even more luxurious form of day-bed, the back being upholstered as well as the seat. A more perfect piece of designing could scarcely be imagined. The graceful, well proportioned curve of the back, its commodious length and width invite to repose. Such an article of furniture would only be at home in large, impressive, richly furnished rooms. This particular couch has been covered with soft French blue velour.

HOW ARNOLD GENTHE USES SUNLIGHT TO CAPTURE BEAUTY



If you have ever seen an exquisite little play called "The First Born," you will recall its serene, vivid daytime life in the streets of Chinatown, where the houses are half hidden under wrought-iron balconies and entered through carved red and gold doorways. You will remember the cheerful little shops where the piles of vegetables and fruits were composed by artistic fingers into glowing pictures, and the children that moved shyly about in flowing little robes of green and yellow. Evening comes in the last scene of this play and lights appear behind lattice windows and in showers of gay balloons along the balconies, and the sound of tinkling, unreal music drifts out of dark recesses, past small women with mysterious faces and over groups of men with pale masks, who offer Oriental wares for sale—obsequious, alert, unhuman.

At midnight the curious onlookers pass out of these picturesque streets, the lights vanish and this strange shadowy quarter of a brilliant city becomes sinister and grim. An old feud is settled in a dark alley-way, a policeman walks quietly by, looking neither to the right nor the left. Then a casement window opens slowly; through a thin light a slender girl-child with face of pale Oriental beauty leans out into the night. The man from the dark doorway, who has dried his knife, draws near and the girl bends toward him singing a melody so frail, so silvery that it is like the dawn call of wood birds. The man hurries away, his face illumined; and romance flowers out for the second at the shoulder of death.

It was in this colorful, dramatic quarter of old San Francisco that Arnold Genthe first discovered the serious and beautiful possibilities that the camera held for the man with vivid imagination and wide-reaching interest in life. It was in catching the color, the strange inscrutable beauty of this western Chinatown, that Dr. Genthe discovered his *metier*, the right medium for his genius. He had been a painter prior to this, but had made a special study for years of the science of photography; though he had never practised it, had never put to the test his belief that a great art was hidden in the little box that could reproduce nature with the help of sunlight.

By inheritance Arnold Genthe should have continued to be a painter, for his uncle was the great Menzel of Germany, and it was his wish and hope that the young German lad should gain his happiness in life through the studio. But his parents, like all sensible fathers and mothers of well-known people, wished him to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, and to give his life to scholarly pursuits as they had done. So his early student days were spent in the famous



From a Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

JULIA MARLOWE—

"Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of Hope ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow."

—Matthew Arnold.



From a Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

"IRMA"—

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

—Shakespeare.

"A smile
wherein
each mor-
tal reads
The very
sympathy
he needs.
An eye
like to
a mystic
book
Of lays
that bard
or prophet
sings."



*The Latest Portrait of Ellen Terry Made in America:
By Permission of Arnold Genthe.*

ELLEN TERRY—

"I announce the Great Individual,
Fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed;
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,
And I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its trans-
lation."

—"So Long!" Walt Whitman.



From a Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF PERCY MACKAYE—
"How beautiful is youth; how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!"

—Longfellow.

SUNLIGHT, THE GREAT ARTIST

University of Jena, where he studied philosophy and philology, both of which he has found valuable in photography; and why not, if photography is an art as he believes it to be? His painting, too, has been most important in aiding him to bring photography, as an expression of beauty, up to the level of the other arts. It has helped him enormously in his progress with color photography, in which he has made great strides, and also to a better understanding of black and white work, which, if successful, must give always a sense of color.

IT has been wisely said that a knowledge of all arts is valuable in the pursuit of any art. And Arnold Genthe, in addition to his painting, his philosophy, is a lover of music, a conscientious student of the drama and above all an investigator of human life. He believes, as do all real portrait artists, that a knowledge of human nature with all its ramifications, its capacity for fineness and weakness, its beauty, its poorness, are essential to bring out the individuality of each person who poses for camera or canvas. And so one day, he finds his horizon widened by photographing the graceful poses of that artist in motion, Ruth St. Denis. The next, he is listening with eager interest to Ellen Terry's enchanting conversation as he photographs her rare, vivacious beauty; then a group of children come to him, Percy Mackaye's two little daughters, and all their young fresh joy in life, their sensitive natures, their sincerity and charm find way into the permanent keeping of photography. His portrait of Julia Marlowe has all the quality of a rare and wonderfully composed painting; it has been called the most beautiful photograph in the world; but for that matter so have several others of Dr. Genthe's pictures. In its beauty, picturesqueness and exquisite portrayal of Julia Marlowe's temperament it is a revelation of the possibilities of the camera as an art medium.

The picture called "Music" is essentially a study of rhythm, the essence of dancing—music made visible, a brief melody moving before one; a rare impression of ecstasy almost beyond human comprehension is conveyed in the vague, ethereal outline of body and drapery and the beautiful upward trend of the whole figure. The portraits called "Anna" and "Lizel" are of two foreign young girls, both artists, both beautiful personalities, both having been developed under circumstances that have made them rich, fragrant channels through which flows all serenely a rare expression of a beautiful art.

A variation of Arnold Genthe's art is shown in the pictures of Japan, one of which we are reproducing in the magazine, that of a long sunlit wall on which are cast exquisite shadows near which stands a little Japanese mother with her baby swung over her shoulder; a

SUNLIGHT, THE GREAT ARTIST

picture which for sheer beauty of light and art is almost unsurpassed in the photographic world.

These are but a few phases of what Arnold Genthe has done in the use of light as a medium to express his own understanding and sympathy with the world's beauty. He is at present preparing a portfolio of dancing pictures, modern and picturesque, which when finished will probably be the most unique book of dancing published. In it he shows every phase of the dancing of the day, including Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Constance Richardson, "Mignon," Mrs. Castle, Florence Walton and then back again to the classic in some rare presentation of the work of Miss Duncan's school. For those who are interested in the study of musical motion and in color photography there will be great delight in this book.

DR. GENTHE'S latest achievement is photographing the beautiful Panama Exhibition buildings and environment. We are all accustomed now to pictures of the various famous buildings in this dream city which Jules Guérin has made such a marvelous world of color; but the photographs which have presented the Exhibition to us have left us feeling a little cold toward what we have heard of its wonder. We have had outline and space and but little else. In Arnold Genthe's pictures you have a study of transcendent beauty, wonderful stretches of a wide colonnade, glimpses of "Old World" buildings through archways, vine-hung cloisters, a detail of a building that might have belonged to the Arabian Nights, a single figure against the horizon that fills one with a sense of awe and mystery. In other words, he has put into his photographs his own emotions over the great beauty of this ephemeral new city of the Coast. We have seen color reproductions showing something of the vast scheme of beauty Mr. Guérin had in mind in the development of this Exhibition, but Arnold Genthe's photographs give us a far greater realization of the wondrous enchantment of this novel achievement than all the color pictures and drawings and plans that have hitherto been put before us. He has spoken in a recent interview of the remarkable color which was produced by the imagination of the artists and the ingenuity of the builders, and he suffered over the fact that the people, the small shop venders and the spectators did not appreciate enough the beauty of the Exhibition to cooperate with the artists in the wares and costumes they displayed.

It is as though here in America we did not see beauty unless it was put in a gold frame and labeled, or upon the stage back of footlights and held away from us by extravagant priced seats. If it is given freely, we pass by. And the introduction of the horrible red



From a Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

"The
fairest
garden
in
her
looks,
And
in
her
mind
the
wisest
books."

"ANNA"—
"Oh, could you view the melody of every grace and music of her face,
You'd drop a tear; seeing more harmony
In her bright eye than now you hear."

—Richard Lovelace.



From a Photograph Taken in Japan by Arnold Genthe.

"What magic gave thee to behold
This fairness, secret from our sight,
Where morning walks the world in gold,
Or seas turn grey with coming night?"

"For thee, as when the South Winds blow,
Lands burst to bloom. On every shore
A perilous mortal beauty more."

—Hiroshige.



From a Photograph of Ruth St. Denis, by Arno'd Genthe.

"Longing is round you like that haze
Of luminous and tender glow
Which memory in the later days
Gives vanished days of long ago."

"And he who sees you must retrace
All sweetness that his life has known,
And with the vision of your face
Link some lost vision of his own."

—Hosoda Yeishi.



From a Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

"LIZEL"—
"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung."
—William Collins.

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ice-cream wagon against the background of those wonderful buildings with the vivid mosaics, the green roofs, the blue pools at the Panama Exhibition is an example of what is so often done to destroy the effort of the really artist-minded American workers.

In his color photographs Arnold Genthe has accomplished some really beautiful studies of flower gardens and of young children which sometimes seem one and the same thing, especially when they are presented through his gift and love of youth. One has only to enter his studio in New York to realize how far-reaching and exquisite is his understanding of color and color relationships. The rooms are filled with individual pieces of embroidery, paintings, Chinese carvings, all brilliant and separate in tone and yet the effect as you enter is infinitely restful, exquisitely interesting. It is through his knowledge of exactly wherein beauty lies that he is enabled to collect what would seem quite a heterogeneous mixture of curios and works of art and produce for the onlooker a whole at once vivid, enchanting, peaceful. One feels in Dr. Genthe's personality this same variety of characteristics and the same welding together of distinct personal forces—of strength, fine purpose and capacity for achievement into a poised and harmonious whole. Some one once said that "Dr. Genthe resembled a kind lion." This was said quite seriously. It is not an unconvincing characterization, for there is tremendous force in his features and figure, with a look in his eyes that children respond to inevitably, as youth must to sincerity and tenderness.

Dr. Genthe no longer paints. He says that he can express through the camera every phase of the world's beauty, whether it lies in people or in nature, that his soul apprehends; in fact he feels that he can express it more subtly through the camera than with the brush, and in his studio, surrounded by the beauty of humanity and the beauty of nature's moods, which he has captured, you feel that he is right; for each man must realize his dream through his preferred medium, and must be able to convince you that he has chosen the right one. One man must have his brush, the other his chisel, a third a violin bow, a fourth a pencil to express contact with beauty, and each is accepted only as he proves himself master of his instrument. We accept Arnold Genthe as one of the few great artist-photographers, judging him by his accomplishment.

The first of Dr. Genthe's photographs which came to the notice of *THE CRAFTSMAN* was published in "The Wave," a picturesque small California journal then edited by John O'Hara Cosgrave, whose attention had been called to the work by Frank Norris, the novelist.

BRINGING AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOME UP-TO-DATE: WITH CONSUMMATE ART LEAVING ITS ANCIENT BEAUTY UNMARRED



HAT an inspiration to American architects must be the fine old New England houses snuggled comfortably in the midst of gardens which many generations of people have lovingly planted about them; shaded and guarded by noble elms, backed by gnarled orchards and fertile meadows, crowned with the dignity that comes after triumphant combats with the storms and stress of many years. They are the very heart of our life. Through their doorways the noblest men and women of our country have passed to frame the laws and make the literary, artistic and scientific history of our race. Some people see in these houses but a shabby, lonesome-looking wreck, but others see the aura of romance and history that gives them value above any new, showy home that could possibly arise in their stead.

Mr. Hoggson, who possesses a rare genius for remodeling old houses to modern requirements of comfort, without losing the atmosphere of family and national romance that clings to them so deliciously, has taken a certain house that has stood with the elms about it in Fairfield County, Connecticut, since our earliest home-making days, and made of it one of the most beautiful and fascinating homes for modern comfort imaginable. He has brought to the house the very latest efficiency and sanitary conveniences without destroying in the least the charm of the old Revolutionary spirit—a truly marvelous bit of sympathetic work. It is easy to remodel an old house so that it is warm, comfortable, convenient, wind and weather proof, but not so easy to do it without destroying that illusive spirit of the old times which is the chief glory of ancient houses. Mr. Hoggson has enlarged one window and given it modern pergola treatment and fitted others with Venetian blinds. These radical changes, being definitely modern in feeling, might well be supposed to ruin its Colonial atmosphere, but under his gifted hands such changes have in fact but augmented it.

After all they are but minor details like the change of fashion of dress that does not in any way change the character of the person. But such essential things as the great elms that have for hundreds of years stood like sentinels before the house have been preserved with the utmost care, have been left unchanged in character. Tree specialists have nursed and given them the best of surgical attention, thus saving their beauty for this generation and for many years to come. Nothing that an architect could do in the way of building would make up for the loss of that green vista that now stretches

**NEW ENGLAND
FARMHOUSE,**
Fairfield, Connecticut,
remodeled by
Hoggson Brothers:
While everything
has been installed
that brings this
house up-to-date in
every way so far as
modern conveni-
ences are concerned,
nothing has been
done to detract from
the old fashioned
charm of its revolu-
tionary days.

The elms in the
front have been
given every care by
the tree specialists
and are in perfect
condition: These
trees which make
the beautiful vista
across the front of
the house are the re-
sult of thoughtful
planting more than a
hundred years ago.





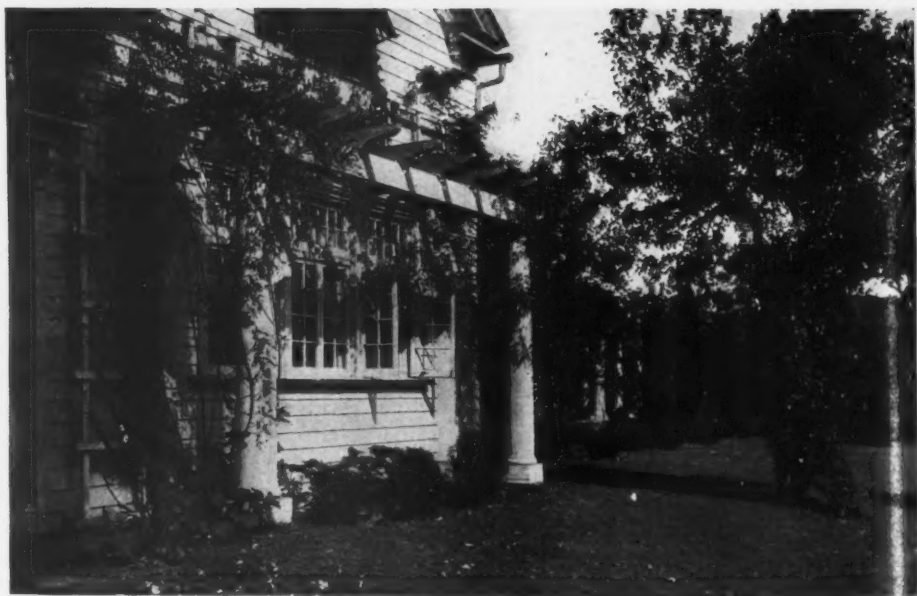
**EVERY DETAIL
OF REMODELING**

of this New England house has been carefully studied to preserve the atmosphere of early days: Though pergola treatment has been given to the lower windows and venetian blinds placed upon the upper ones Mr. Hoggson has preserved the old fashioned charm.

Such sympathetic remodeling is a distinct and valuable art in itself, all too rarely seen in this land: We have comparatively few landmarks — they should not be altered by careless hands.

IN THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH the pergola leading to the sunken garden may be seen: Climbing roses, hollyhocks and other old fashioned flowers look into the windows and furnish the garden sentiment of our grandmothers' days.

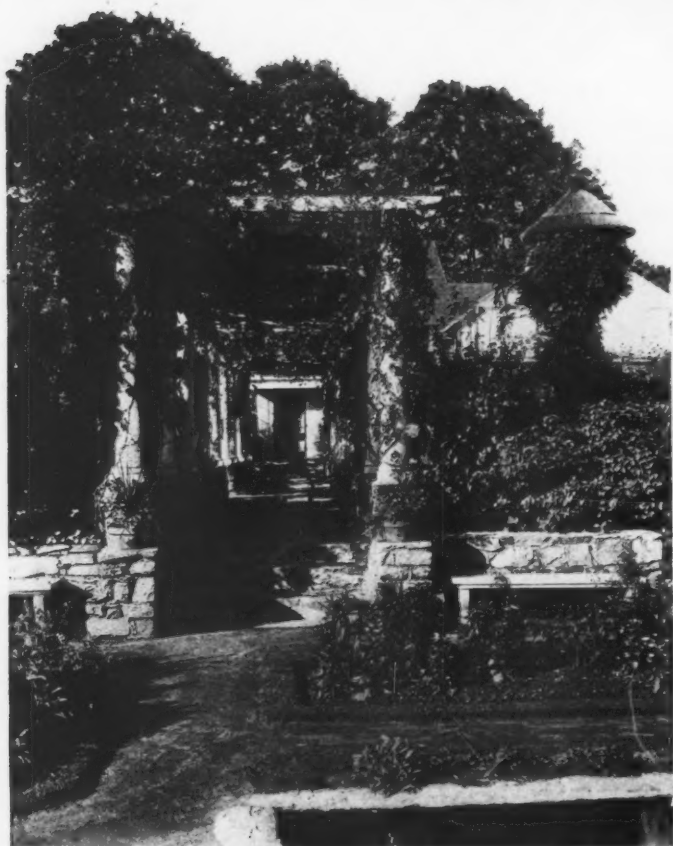
The charming pergola treatment of the long window can be more clearly seen in this lower photograph.





THE JAM KITCHEN where the mistress of the house can enjoy to her heart's content the pleasure of cooking many good things without being in the way of her servants: The dull red quarry tiles upon the floor, rag rugs, chintz hangings, copper utensils, antique lanterns, seed corn and red peppers make up a wonderful color scheme.

In the corner is an old fashioned spinet upon which the mistress of the house may while away her time while the jam is slowly stewing over the charcoal fire in the old Dutch fireplace made of field stone: A blue flame lamp down the center of the room has been suitably mounted with field stone.



THE PERGOLA of Mr. Hoggson's home remodeled from an old New England house, leading to the sunken garden: The thatched-roof bird house with the vines climbing up giving shelter and protection to the birds is a pleasant feature of this garden.

Interesting field stone pavement and walls have been given this pergola: The planting of the garden has been studied to bring out the beauty of shadow tracteries of flowers and vines upon the walls.

The trim, rather formal, effect of the grass borders of the flower beds and classic form of the Greek benches are in perfect keeping with this otherwise rather informal garden: This union has brought about a distinguished and unusual beauty.

THE LITTLE POOL is at the right with the garden gazing globe apparently floating like a great bubble upon it: Beneath the branches of the old oak tree may be seen the jam kitchen.

The grass and fern border edge of the pool is an especially effective method of pool treatment.



THE FINE ART OF RENOVATING HOUSES

across the front of the house, made by the row of priceless elms. The panoramic view of this house shows that the old apple trees, as well as the elms, have also been given new life by skilled treatment. It would have been a national loss to cut down such age-modeled wonderful trees, as some people might have done, that new ones could be planted all in a stiff, characterless row.

ANOTHER positive change that adds to, rather than disturbs, the old-time beauty has been made in the garden. From the house a long pergola leads to a little pool that is the heart of a sunken garden. The pavement and steps of field stone admirably complement the old walls. Flowers and vines, though apparently rioting at will, are trained and kept in check so that they make picturesque, dancing, airy shadows upon the walks, instead of heavy masses of shade. The garden, too, has been planned to make decorative shadows upon walls and walks. Vines have clambered up the thatch-roof of a bird-house giving security to the feathered singing gardeners that is both artistic and scientific. The apples ripening in the sun upon the wall in informal, practical fashion, beside the classic Greek seats and prim little grass-bordered flower-beds, give a most delightful, human, hospitable, sensible air to the place as though real people lived here and enjoyed their home to its utmost.

An excellent idea of the individuality and charm of this sunken garden can be had from the photograph that shows the gazing-globe apparently floating like a great bubble upon the lily pool. A more delightful mounting of gazing-globe could not be imagined. Placed where it catches the color that ripples up from the sun-lighted, shimmering water and descends from the drifting clouds above, it is a fairy interpretation of the old necromancer's aid to insight into the past and the future. But who would care to gaze into it for glimpses of the past or future? The beauty of the passing moment reflected there is satisfaction enough. The treatment of the pool edged with the flat flags and the fern border is especially happy.

Through the branches of the trees may be seen the "jam kitchen," the pride and joy of the mistress of the house. The photograph shows a room to fill every woman's heart with longing. Could the art of jam making have more picturesque setting than that sunlit room with windows open to release perfume sweet as any brewed by the sun from the flowers of the garden? The only flaw in the room is that the enthusiastic jam maker might, if a mere human being, let the sweet concoction burn while coaxing tinkling tunes from the ancient spinet in the corner, or lounging, forgetful of mundane things, among the pillows in the window seat. But perhaps the woman who planned

THE FINE ART OF RENOVATING HOUSES

this interesting spot has strength of concentration sufficient to save the simmering sugar and jam from the tricky flames. This room, a most feminine blending of practical and æsthetic art, is floored with dull red quarry tiles. Rag rugs upon the floor and gay-flowered chintzes at the windows give homey, old-fashioned cheer. Between the slow open fire upon the hearth and the quick heat from the blue-flame stove in the center of the room, the exact requirements of culinary skill have been amply covered. The diamond-framed windows, old Windsor and rush-bottom chairs, the peppers, sweet corn, bacon, ham and lanterns hung from the rafters, seem the best of friends with the long-handled copper stewing kettles. It is easy to imagine the hostess taking a favorite friend out to this ideal room, brewing for her a fragrant cup of coffee while she struggles with the difficult problem of making choice of jam for breakfast from the tempting rows of labeled jars upon the shelves.

A DELICATE and sympathetic understanding is required to properly remodel an old house, for the architect must take up the work begun by the original designer and bring it harmoniously up to the present time. There must be appreciation of the labor and purpose of the older generation, else it would be ruthlessly destroyed to make way for the new. Many New England houses have been ruined by a restoration that thoughtlessly tore away the significant narrow doorway, substituting a wider, showier, utterly unsuitable one. The altering of an old roof line, addition of a wing, change of style of windows if not done in the right spirit, may entirely ruin a house. The character must be studied and improvements made in accord with it, else it will be a pitiable instead of an attractive place.

Mr. Hoggson's work with the old Connecticut house that is now his own home, seems not to have erred at a single point. To the last detail it has been carried on in the spirit of the original. Like an old person that has steadily grown in grace and beauty of character and kept up with the times without losing in any way the sweet, old-fashioned, intrinsic character that made them lovable, so is this old house. We do not know whether Mr. Hoggson added the entrance porch or left it as he found it, so perfectly in keeping is it with the old place. This is the refinement of art, to so restore that the modern work cannot be detected from the old. He has treated this house with the tenderness required in the restoration of an old picture, keeping the color of age, leaving the composition as it was except as one apprehends his personality in the perfect result.

The value of space as an element of beauty in country architecture is fully appreciated when looking at the photographs of this house.

THE FINE ART OF RENOVATING HOUSES

How fine the panoramic view across the wide stretch of land revealing the plan of the whole estate, showing the house and the garden linked with the pergola and the twisted apple tree that holds the romance of old homesteads.

Justice can never be done an architect's work on the suburban house unless it is situated where an extended view of it is possible. Perfection of proportion and outline or silhouette of a house cannot be determined from too close a view any more than the color and composition of a picture can be correctly judged unless the gallery in which it is placed is long enough to permit a distant view of it. When wide fields surround a house, permitting a just estimate of its form to be gained, a better appreciation of its color and connection with the general landscape is also obtained.

There is always a great chance for the exercise of imagination in building a country house because the trees, shrubs, flowers and lawn suggest and inspire beauty and create of themselves an atmosphere of home. "A country house must not be a city house transferred to rural surroundings and in this way misplaced," says E. P. Powell. "A city house is what it is from necessity, and as a rule, city houses must be very much alike; each one in an altogether expressed neighborhood—pieces of something else. But a house in the country should mean a real home; a place to live in and to be yourself in.

"A home in any of its evolutions should never express more of expense than of character. The thought of money value should be entirely absent when you observe a human residence, as when you observe a well-dressed man or woman. A complete country home is never obtrusive, but like the trees and the lawns and the hedges, is a true and fitting part of the place."



Panoramic view of the side of Mr. Hoggson's house, with huge apple tree dominating the beautiful sweep of the lawn.

HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC? WRITTEN FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH ARTUR BODANZKY, THE NEW CONDUCT- OR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



OW many people in America want what is called "Grand Opera"? is the question that has occurred to the managers and singers and directors of our opera houses many times in the last year or two. Music lovers throughout the country will probably be astonished to hear that there is only one permanent home for "Grand Opera" in America today and that is the New York Metropolitan Opera House. The Boston Opera Company has failed and all that is left is a traveling company; the old Chicago Company has failed, though under most excellent management and with a rare company of beautiful singers; Philadelphia is supplied by the Metropolitan Opera House, formally in conjunction with Chicago; the Atlanta Opera Company entirely from New York. A new opera company has recently been formed in Chicago. The attitude toward it is one of curiosity rather than hope. It is a curious situation—even New York could not support two opera companies, and although Hammerstein began brilliantly, brought so much new music, discovered and gave opportunity to new singers, was lavish in his outlay and courageous in his interest, still he failed.

Just how is it managed in New York? Why have we the one successful musical institution in America? It is mainly because New York has elected to create an atmosphere of aristocratic culture in the Metropolitan Opera House, and the very wealthy New York people are willing individually to subsidize it. Nothing is done for the Opera House by the State or the City, nothing has ever been done in America for opera by State or City. It is really the very rich and cultivated who have made the opera possible for the poor and music loving. The receipts at the Metropolitan Opera House would not support it a week. For our opportunity of musical enjoyment we must thank the directors and box holders.

This same method has been tried out of New York, but has failed. Whether there are not as many music lovers in other cities or whether it is difficult to create such prestige as this Opera House has, it is hard to tell. In any case all efforts so far have failed, while the Metropolitan Opera House is crowded night after night whether the operas are old or new, French, German or Italian. Of course, a special star brings a special response, because we are hero worshippers in America, especially in relation to art. But apart from our love of



ARTUR BODANZKY, the
new conductor at the
Metropolitan Opera House.



"BROOKLYN'S PRIMA DONNA," MARIE RAPPOLD, is a singer who possesses a soprano voice of wide range: At the Schiller celebration in Carnegie Hall about a dozen years ago Heinrich Conried "discovered" Marie Rappold: The following winter she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in the rôle of Sulamith in Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba": During March and April, 1913, Mme. Rappold sang with success as a guest at the opera house in Berlin and other important German musical centers: Marie Rappold is shown at the right.

BOSTON MAY CLAIM EDITH MASON, the lyric soprano, as its particular star in the operatic firmament: As Edith Barnes she scored many noteworthy triumphs as a member of the Boston and Montreal grand opera companies, and the announcement of her engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company for the season 1915-1916 was welcome news.



PERHAPS NO SINGER at the Metropolitan Opera House has had a more rapid rise to fame than Anna Case, American soprano: Miss Case was born less than thirty years ago at Clinton, N. J.: When she was seventeen she secured a position as organist at the little church in Neshanic, N. J.: While in this position she decided she had a voice, and she immediately undertook, without aid from her parents or relatives, to cultivate that voice: That she succeeded in that task may be easily seen from the fact that she was engaged as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company six years ago: Her first part was a little Dutch boy in "Werther": The photograph below is an excellent likeness of Miss Case.



JULIA HEINRICH is a newcomer in the ranks of the sopranos at the Metropolitan Opera House: A number of years ago music lovers of the United States were made glad because of the extended tours undertaken by Miss Heinrich, soprano, and her father, Max Heinrich, the famous baritone and lieder singer: After that Miss Heinrich went abroad, where for three seasons she was a leading soprano at the Hamburg (German) opera: This season will mark her first as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.



AMONG THE BASSOS of the Metropolitan Opera Company who have been reengaged for the coming season, is Arthur Middleton: Mr. Middleton made his operatic debut on Wednesday evening, November 18, 1914, in Wagner's "Lohengrin": He was at once acclaimed a genuine artist: Mr. Middleton comes from the Middle West, Chicago having been the scene of many of his triumphs on the concert stage.

The photographs used in this article are reproduced through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Musical Courier.



RICCARDO MARTIN has probably the best natural voice of any American tenor: Having received his vocal training according to Italian methods, it is in the operas of the Italian school that he excels: Mr. Martin is a valued member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, his versatility and thorough musicianship causing his delineations to be of unusual interest.



HERBERT WITHERSPOON is an American basso who has attained an enviable position in the musical ranks of his native country: This sterling artist, who is one of the most valued members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, studied in Paris, but received his operatic training in this country: Many feel that Mr. Witherspoon does his best work in the Wagner operas.

HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC?

Caruso and Sembrich and Farrar, the Opera House is practically always full of enthusiasts. In other words, New York wants her opera house, she wants a center for beautiful social activities, as well as for the congregation of great artists, for the joy of the real music lover. Beyond this we are not in a position to say that America craves "Grand Opera" and will support it.

When Mr. Bodanzky was asked his point of view in regard to the future of this great kind of music in this country, he said:

I FEEL that in America the opera must be somewhat adjusted to the lives of the people, of all the people, not only the aristocracy but the hard working people, who seem to be very sincere music lovers here. It is because of this that I am at present devoting my time, in addition to rehearsals, to cutting some of the longer German operas. Of course, the utmost cutting will not mean making short operas of 'Tristan,' 'Götterdämmerung' and 'Rosenkavalier,' although in the latter I believe an hour's time can be saved and with advantage. My aim is to shorten the opera only where the cut cannot be manifest, scarcely realized. Originally the German operas were written for people who gave whole days to the joy of an operatic performance, as is done today at Bayreuth. The production of an opera in Wagner's time was a festival occasion. There was no thought of adjusting it to dinner hours or work hours; the people adjusted their lives to the wonderful opportunity and joy of the great music. It is a little different in Germany today and totally different in America.

"An opera that lasts from a quarter of eight to twelve o'clock can only win the appreciation of the most devout music lover in America. The tired man who would enjoy two hours' music, or three, the woman who is entertaining at dinner and who is attending a reception at midnight, children who have long days of study, all feel exhausted after four hours of concentrated attention, even though the effort brings them unlimited joy. With an opera like 'Tristan' it is possible that the cut will only be fifteen to twenty minutes and to accomplish that will take a great deal of time and effort; but I wish the cut to be indistinguishable, except to some one familiar with every phrase of the score. Of course, with the modern composers nothing of this kind is necessary. They are writing for modern people, for modern civilization, and to me, they are so much less interesting than the older composers. I feel that practically all the modern music can never mean as much to me as one phrase of a Beethoven sonata. When I speak of modern musicians naturally I do not include such men as Strauss, Debussy, Mahler. These artists are so great that they

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cannot be classified; they are neither old nor young, ancient nor modern—they are classic and universal, and would have been great in Beethoven's time and will be great many centuries from now.

"But to return to the question of the future of opera in America. The haste which I feel everywhere in this country is one of the great evils that a conductor must combat. It is because every one is in a hurry that the opera companies in other cities have failed. It also accounts for the fact that there are so few new productions, so little of Weber and Gluck and all the gentler operas, which one must think about and come prepared to enjoy. It seems to me that Americans want to *see* things rather than to *feel* them. They do not wish to take the time for the whole opera and so they demand more elaborate scenery, more ballet, more dancing, less profound, searching, marvelous music. You see it is always easier to take away an impression through the eyes. If one is seeking a sensitive impression of the singing, of the orchestra, the audience must wait for it and think about it and feel it deeply. And so, instead of a longer opera or a greater variety, we have more elaborate scenery, more merrymaking as it were, on the stage. For music, real music, must seek a response through the spirit and the audience must come in the mood to give the response.

"In the theater we find more and more the increasing desire for the spectacle, and so in the opera the melodrama is creeping into the music. It is a very serious matter, I think, this desire to see rather than hear, because it is possible to overwhelm great and beautiful music just as it is possible to overwhelm great drama through the moving pictures. Music must be loved individually, for itself. This is why the symphony concert is such an essential thing in musical culture, why it is productive of the best results in the musical world, because the impression must be through the ear to the spirit, the imagination must be awake, the soul must be alert.

"I HAVE been asked recently 'Which I felt to be the more important work, conducting an opera or a symphony concert?' It seems to me that speaking wholly as an artist, the more significant work to a conductor is the symphony. In conducting an opera, one is what you would call side-tracked in many directions. There is the individual singer, his place in the composition, the occasional subservience of the orchestra to the singer, the drama which must not be overwhelmed by the orchestra, which must have its full place in order to bring out the meaning of the composer, and then too the *mise en scene* must be considered. It is a part of the drama, it is the background of the singer, and so one's attention is diverted in many

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important channels. But with the symphony the very essence of the spirit of music is flowing out through one direct channel and the spirit of the conductor flows unrestrainedly with it; and out of this great and perfect intimacy arises the sense of exultation and artistic achievement which can only come through direct, unrestricted communication with pure music.

"In order to begin to achieve an approach to this in conducting the opera I find it is necessary to live through the whole production emotionally, I find that I must not only know the music, the methods of the singer, the reason for the scenery, the stage management, the full adjustment and development of my orchestra, but that at the same time I must live heart and soul in the tragedy that I am conducting. I must be *Tristan* when *Tristan* sings, heartbroken through love, dying because love was greater than life; I must be the composer, the violinist, the soprano, the tenor, the horn player, the maker of scenery, and above all of this I must be the poet who sees into the future and the philosopher who weighs the present impersonally. In other words, I feel that a spiritual and an intellectual conducting is possible for the symphony orchestra, but in weaving out a comprehensive and beautiful opera production, it must be done through the emotions and knowledge of the intricacies of stage management.

"I have often been asked if in conducting an opera I did not consider the orchestra far greater than the singer or the drama, if for instance the orchestra did not seem a great ocean on which the scenery and the vocal music must ride. As a matter of fact I do not feel this at all. It seems to me that the well presented opera is composed of three equally great parts, orchestra, singer and drama, not all equally important at the same time, of course, and that it is the work of the great conductor to recognize the time for the orchestra to be preëminent, to realize the vital beautiful moment when the orchestra must subside in order that the tide of vocal music may rise and submerge the audience. There are moments of great drama when the singer and the orchestra, for the instant, become almost a shadow and there are moments too, when the spectacle must overtop the music. It is only when the conductor understands every phase of the production of opera, is profoundly a musician, essentially a lover of beauty, with the fullest appreciation for the individuality of the singer that he can produce what the composer intended in originally creating the opera.

"The really great conductor must never blunder, he must never in his love for music forget the singer and the stage and he must never for a moment belittle the orchestra, as is so often done in the old Italian opera.

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"FOR the fullest realization of the opera, every phase of it must be considered individually, and in relation to all other phases.

I am delighted that Mr. Gatti-Casazza has decided that beauty is essential for the opera singer as well as for the scenery. Mind you, I do not say *beauty in place of great singing*—that would be a fatal mistake. In Germany, on the other hand, we make the reverse of this mistake. We study the voice before all things, sometimes only the voice. We do not consider the question of personal beauty at all in our great singers, and some of the most famous of our women *artistes*, great dramatic tragedians have won the acclaim of the world without thought of personal beauty. To be sure, in Germany we do consider the personality of the singer, her temperament; that we think most important, because we feel that temperament is the product of imagination and imagination is essential for the great outpouring of right musical characterization; but to mere physical beauty we have not given consideration. And why not? You study the orchestra in its *ensemble*, you study the scenery, the fitting of the stage, you introduce the ballet as a decoration, you are more and more eager to present rich, varied and appropriate costumes—why should you not consider also physical beauty? I believe that beauty in addition to important singing would add immensely to the joy of operatic presentation. I believe this is especially true in America, and I can see no reason why we should not please two senses instead of one. Why should we disregard the eye and cater only to the ear; though naturally I should want a just balance preserved.

"I am hearing very much talk about the ballet this season. It is a thought more or less new to me, for the ballet is not inherent in the German scheme of opera. Of course, I fully realize that in the very beginning the opera was the outgrowth of, or rather was born in, the old Italian ballet, and it may be that in our operatic progress we are describing a circle and returning with interest to that phase of opera which included the *divertissement* as essential to the pleasure of the audience.

"It does not however seem to me that this is true. I feel that the increase of ballet in the American operatic production is really done to satisfy the lighter spirit of the American people, the desire for gaiety and for variety, and it seems to me very possible that this is only a temporary phase. I recall that Strauss has been most interested in the ballet recently and has written the music for an entire pantomime dance, "The Legend of Joseph"—very wonderful music indeed; and so I recognize that the tendency is about, but I still feel that it is only a tendency, and one that cannot mar the

(Continued on page 230)

THE NEW IDEA IN HOME FURNISHING: NO. 1: THE DINING ROOM

"Time alters fashions and frequently obliterates works of art and ingenuity, but that which is fashioned on geometry and real science will remain unalterable."—*Sheraton*.



STRAIGHT line infinitely projected forms a circle, say the scientists. Progress moving swiftly forward returns in accordance with this unalterable law to its starting point. Again and again is a law, a custom or a force launched into motion only to return in the course of time to its origin. With each revolution of the circle better understanding is reached, the good is retained and emphasized, the error perceived and eliminated. This law is operative even in the matter of home furnishings. Today the old and the new in furniture seem meeting as though in the completion of a great circle; we are perceiving beauty, seeing the worth and understanding the reason for the creation of some of the ancient pieces of furniture. When it was well constructed, when it was so beautiful that it was cherished and cared for as a precious possession, it has remained as an inspiration for us of today. The badly designed and constructed articles naturally dropped out of the world's ranking.

Because of this revival of interest in the old furniture, our designers and cabinet makers are making closer studies than formerly of those articles that have been proven by test of years, of enduring beauty and staunch construction. They have learned to faithfully copy to the smallest detail those fine old pieces and have also succeeded in designing new articles along the same lines suitable to our homes today. This new-old furniture is charmingly at home in our New England country houses, in our elegant city homes and apartments, and even in the West, and the home maker has the skill and experience of the world's best artists at her disposal to choose from. Furniture made after the originals of the best of every land is now within our reach. True, the old pieces are not easy to obtain, but the American copies of them embody the same beauty of line and color, are strong and full of friendly association with the past. Besides a growing appreciation of the old-time furniture we are gaining an appreciation of the ancient manner of living.

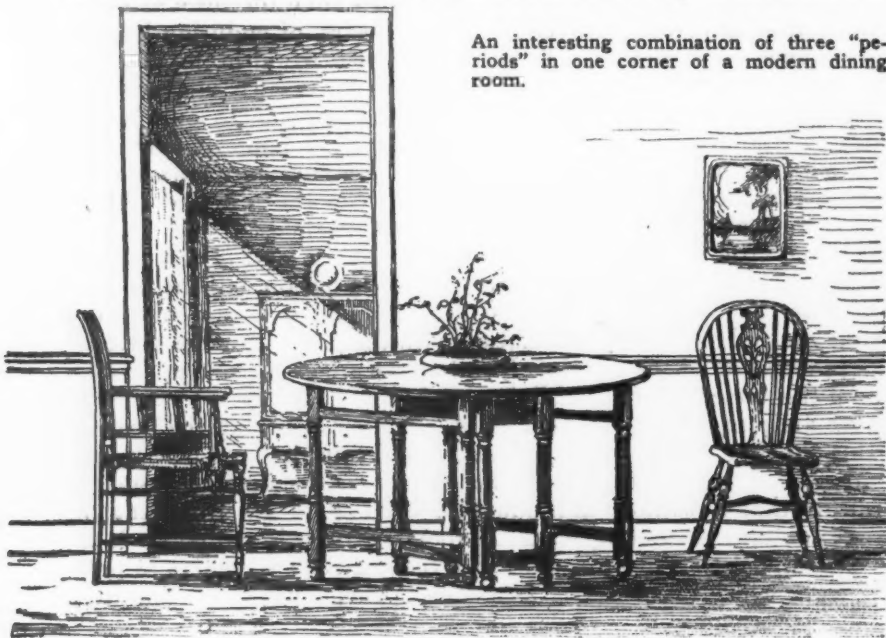
We are purposing to write a series of articles showing the beauty of this old-time method of living and home furnishing and how it can be adapted to the present mode of life. We are tired of the factory-made furniture that is without individuality, tired of houses as lacking in distinction and personality as hotel rooms. We wish to go back to the same spirit that inspired the old artists and home makers to produce work which stands today as models of their kind. We will take the different rooms of the house and show how by exercising personal

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choice in the choosing of the articles that go to furnish it, the same quality of artistic distinction will be manifest in our homes.

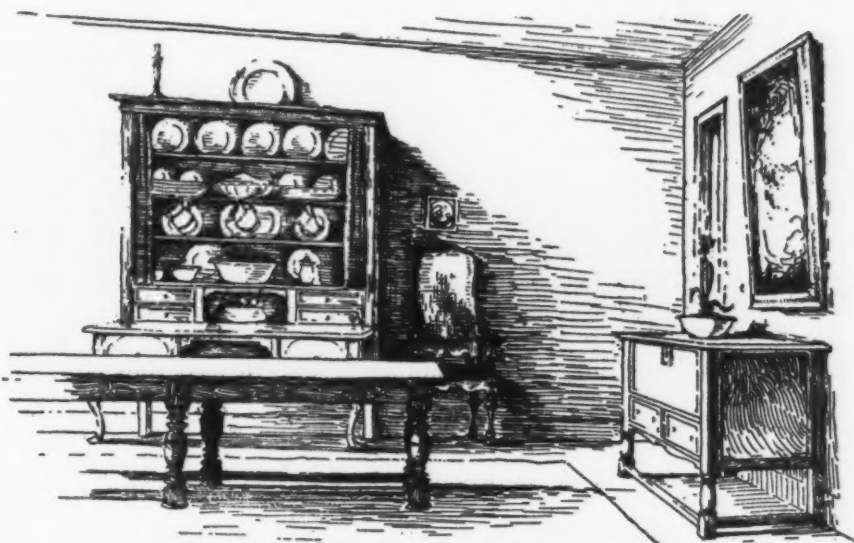
Let us first consider the dining room and the furniture suitable for it. Nothing is more depressing to the spirit or deadly to beauty than things all alike arranged in stiff rows. The most perfect object of art would lose its distinctive charm if set in the midst of a dozen or more replicas of itself. An individual chair may be a masterly bit of careful craftsmanship; but six or eight exactly alike in rows against a wall suggest the hurried output of a factory. The modern conventional dining-room set can never rank with the old-time individual hand-made tables and chairs that were as suitable for one room as for another.

In the older days there was one large room where people lived, worked and rested, visited with their friends. When it came time to eat, the large table of the room was cleared to receive the dishes holding food. The family gathered about this great table that held their books and work as admirably as their meals, and chairs were drawn up to it from different parts of the room. If guests were present chairs from other rooms were brought to the table, because there were no arbitrary rules then to the effect that every chair about the



An interesting combination of three "periods" in one corner of a modern dining room.

THE NEW DINING ROOM



Corner of a dining room, furnished with heirlooms from different centuries.

table should match that table and that sideboards of the same design be against the wall. All the furniture of the house was in a way interchangeable, that is, a chair taken from the bedroom or hall was equally suitable for the dining room, for all the furniture of the house was on good terms with one another. A chair should never look as though labeled a dining or bed room chair, but should simply carry the impression of being comfortable, beautiful and substantial.

Much of the modern furniture is based on the tendency to go back to the old things, to the pieces designed when men loved the work of their hands, when the struggle was to make something beautiful instead of something that they could sell for much money. The craze for sets of furniture has arisen mainly because manufacturers sought a new outlet through which to dispose of their wares. It has been easier for them to copy and to reproduce a good chair than to create a new one, so they have influenced people to get six or a dozen chairs exactly alike, with the result that our dining rooms have a tendency to look like institutions and show rooms rather than as places in which to live and be comfortable. Why should there be four or five extra chairs, all alike, lined against the wall of a dining room, serving no purpose, in everybody's way until such time as guests may be entertained? Why should not a chair from hall, library or sitting room be brought in or else each chair in the dining room be different?

JEWEL-FURNITURE: WORKS OF ART FROM CRAFT SHOPS



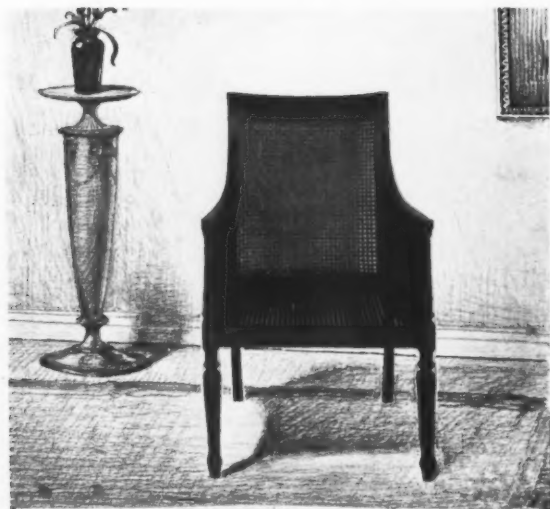
THE word "jewel," described in dictionaries as anything of rare value and excellence, is peculiarly expressive of the articles of furniture we are illustrating. They possess the quality of perfection of workmanship that we always associate with combinations of precious stones and metals. It is in no sense of the word used as possessing the jewel quality of personal ornaments, but refers to their fineness, their worth, their lasting value and exquisite beauty. Such articles of furniture as we are showing this month are as worthy to be held as objects of special affection as any bit of jewelry. They are beautiful in color as any gem, though lower of tone, and beneath the skilled handling of experienced finishers of wood, they reveal many over- and under-tones not noticeable in ordinary articles of furniture. When man puts the touch of his hands and his imagination upon the work of Nature, we commonly define it as art. The beauty of the wood in these articles of furniture was not revealed until man with his knowledge and skill brought out the grain and mellowed the color. Fresh wood is always raw compared with the tone given it after man has placed the impress of his imagination upon it.

Take the Middlesex card table as an example. It is what its maker calls a "bouquet in wood," six different woods having been used to bring out this rich effect of color, and each wood treated by skill gained only after generations of men had bequeathed to us the results of their accumulated knowledge. With every year the knowledge of wood finishes is becoming more perfect. And so subtly does man now work in sympathy with Nature that he can quickly mature a tone that could otherwise have been given it only by the alchemy of centuries.

The top of this table was made from a crotch of a San Domingo mahogany tree, thoughtfully chosen because of its beauty of grain. The subtle modulations of bronze, brown and deep gold have been brought out by the artist's inspired treatment. The top of the fluted edge is of tulip wood rimmed with ebony. The bleached mahogany sides are delicately inlaid with burl walnut. The legs are of East India satinwood. The inlays of dark and light wood on different parts of the table are so harmonious in color that an inexperienced observer would never dream that six different woods had been drawn upon to produce the wonderful quality of the finished table. Jewel-like indeed is this table in fineness and delicacy of designing and finish. Whether it stands alone or in a row of tables, its refined, gentle individuality is apparent. Formed after the models left to us by

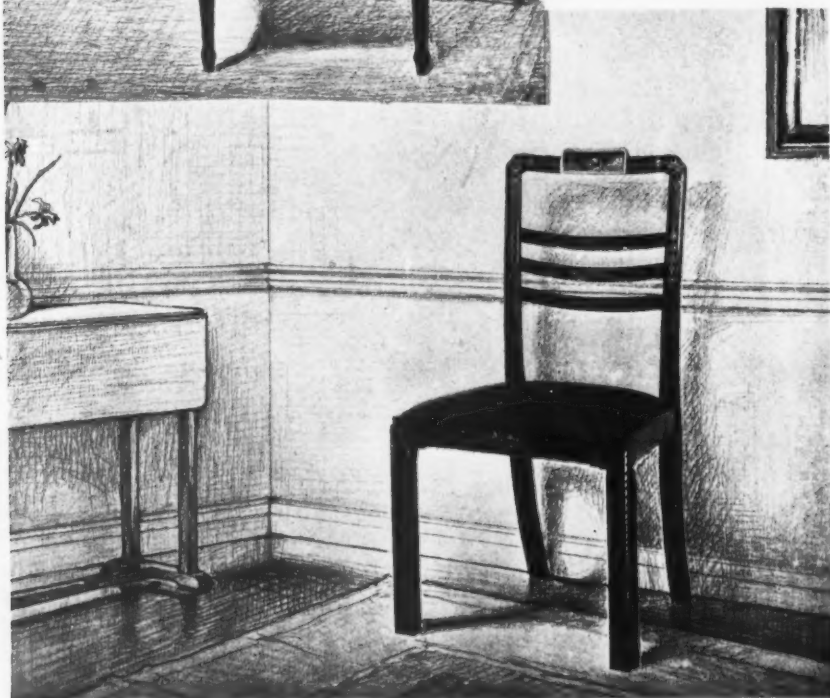


THIS LACQUERED CHEST is an American copy of English work showing the Chinese influence of the eighteenth century.

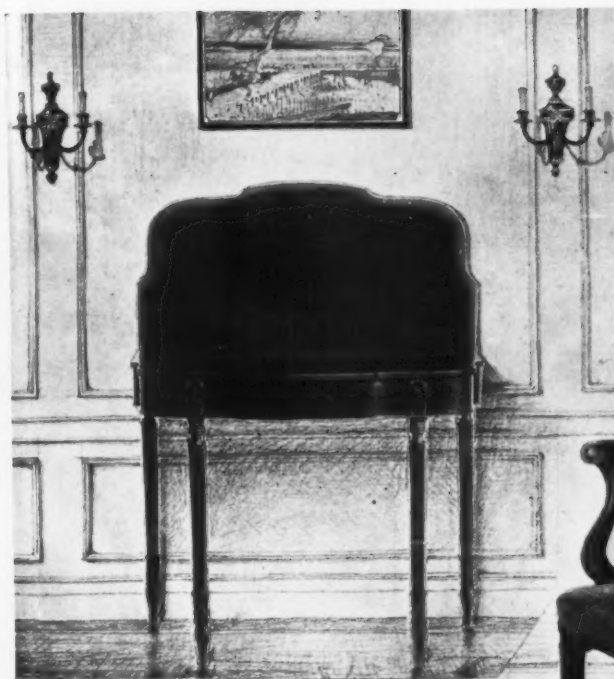


ARM CHAIR
shown at the left, of painted satinwood, is typically Sheraton in feeling: Beautifully reproduced, it is an elegant, gracious article of household furniture.

Full of the delicacy manifest in all Sheraton creations, this chair would be thoroughly at home in rooms of almost any period.



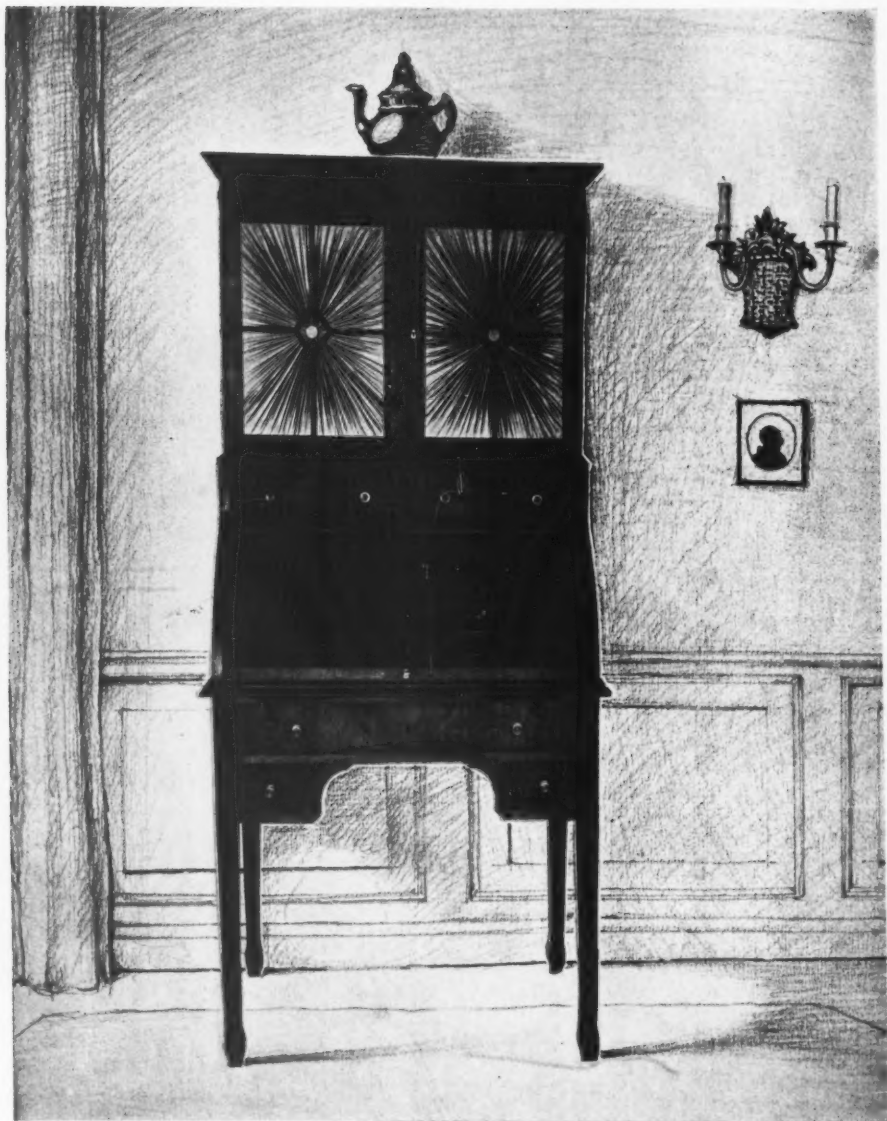
THIS CHIPPENDALE SIDE CHAIR of rich dark brown lacquer with raised design in gold shows distinct Chinese influence.



IN THIS MIDDLESEX CARD TABLE six different woods have been used to bring out the rich effect of color: Formed after models left to us by Sheraton, it carries the impress of his character as closely as though it came fresh from his own hands.

THE WILTSHIRE CHAIR shown at the right is a perfect example of the characteristic relation between an artist and his creation: Who but Chippendale could have produced so consummate an example of all that a chair should hold of beauty and comfort!





THE ORIGINAL OF THIS SATINWOOD WRITING CABINET was doubtless made by Hepplewhite: Simple of design it relies for its beauty upon the luster of the veneer and the perfection of its proportion.

JEWEL-FURNITURE

Sheraton, it carries the impress of his character as closely as though it came fresh from his own hands.

Sheraton was famous for the beauty and delicacy of his little tables. The tops varied greatly in shape and in the manner of rounding the corners. Many clever contrivances were inaugurated by him for increasing the size by means of leaves that dropped or raised against the wall like a console, or whirled upon the frame as in this case, to give greater stability. Some were semi-circular, others oblong, others round or square, with the corners variously broken to add charm. They were always graceful and piquant in outline. The legs, slender and delicate, gave a sense of elegance that in no way suggested frailty.

The lacquered chest, Chinese in feeling, is an American copy of English work, of probably about the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The top of the chest shows the English attempt to imitate Chinese designs, when the Chinese lacquer was first brought to England by the Dutch East India Company toward the end of the twelfth century. The finished tone, which of course cannot be even faintly suggested in the reproductions, is a deep warm brown. The lacquered surface being darker than the exposed wood and the raised decoration being of dusty brownish gold, gives a three-toned base upon which shifting overtones from changing light constantly play.

The form of the lacquered side chair is Chippendale, much restrained, influenced in design as well as decoration by the Chinese. Here again the color of the lacquer is a very rich dark brown with gold ornamentation into which some color has been introduced. Upholstered in dull blue uncut velour it is a finished bit of furniture in color and line—a work of art. Though straight and simple, it is in reality decidedly comfortable, a chair which raises the standard of American workmanship. In knowledge of woods, of lacquer and skill in reproducing the Chinese designs it ranks well in quality and value with the workmanship of the original, which has long stood as a Museum piece.

IT is difficult to attribute much of the furniture of the late English period to any one designer, for Hepplewhite, Shearer and Sheraton followed similar lines. The satinwood writing cabinet belongs to this period and the original (of which this is a truthful copy) was probably made by Hepplewhite. It is delightfully simple of design, relying for its beauty upon the luster of the veneer and the perfection of its proportion—graceful, dainty and charming, it follows the line of some of the best designs of the eighteenth century. The chair, of

JEWEL-FURNITURE

painted satinwood, is typically Sheraton in feeling. Judging from the slight scrolling over the back, the original probably dated as late as eighteen hundred and twenty. Beautifully reproduced, it is an elegant, gracious article of household furniture, as well as a most comfortable chair.

The Wiltshire chair is a perfect example of the characteristic relation between an artist and his creation. In all great works of art the individuality of the creator is revealed in his work. The power and inspiration of great workers stand behind all that they do with an indescribable and fascinating precision. Who but Chippendale could have produced so consummate an example of all that a chair should hold of beauty and comfort! The swing of the arm from the back to the bottom of the chair, the curving seat, the graceful joining of leg with the chair, the delicate Gothic tracery on the back, the finish of the wood and quality of the upholstery bring this chair to the first rank of furniture design and construction.

These articles of jewel furniture are reproductions from certain old pieces which have stood the test of time, which have been proven beautiful of line, comfortable and strong of construction. The only point in which they are lacking is that of sentiment, which time alone can give, though even now they carry more of the sense of romance and historical association than did their originals when they first left their masters' hands. There is none of the raw quality quite often seen in new furniture. Their worth has been proven, for the day of experiment in proportion is past. In nearly every instance the original pieces were designed for special patrons by great craftsmen, as architects build individual houses for their clients. We have the benefit of their experience in line, and our American workmanship is as perfect in these pieces as in the originals, so that today we are able to add to our rooms pieces of furniture as rare in beauty as any that graced the palaces of royalty but a few years ago.

The best of the old furniture was made as though each article was of the greatest importance, as indeed it was to the man who created it. Very often years were spent over the making of one piece. The old workers often selected their own logs, sawed and seasoned them to their own liking, turned them in the sun to bring out the deep color, watched over them carefully and studied the grain and color of each piece before it went into their work. The best that was in them was expressed in the making of the table, chest or chair. The old pieces of furniture we still love to copy, like the finest of the Chinese pottery, were made because a man had a beautiful idea and strove to express it. For all our enjoyment and service these copies answer as well as though they had been made hundreds of years ago.

THE MIRROR: THE EYE OF THE ROOM



NARCISSUS, when he looked into the quiet pool in the wood framed by flowers and grasses, might have seen the familiar surrounding trees and drifting clouds in more than their usual beauty had he but paused for a moment from enraptured admiration of his own face, for the surface of still waters gives back the image it receives with something spiritually fine and subtle added to it. Claude Lorraine, knowing that reflection adds a radiance and brings out colors overlooked by the direct glance, carried a mirror on his walks and constantly studied the effect of the reflected landscape in it, searching for subtle modulations of color.

Every one has noticed how mirrors upon the walls heighten the light in the room and bring out overtones of color. They glow and radiate, responding to changes and moods of light like a sentient thing. They give a sense of space to a room, especially if they be hung where they can reflect a vista of rooms and halls, and besides they have real decorative value.

It is said that aside from the quiet pool, the first mirrors were the polished metal shields of warriors. Brass, bronze and silver toilet mirrors were in early use by Greeks, Romans and Egyptians. The first mercury-backed glass mirrors are credited to Venice, the great center of glass industry. It is comparatively recently that the silver-backed mirrors, which reflect from twenty to thirty per cent more, have come into general use.

John Muir says that lakes are the eyes of the landscape. We might say the same thing of mirrors—that they are the eyes of a room, our most expressive and responsive article of furniture. They add a quality of richness that nothing else will do, and complete the livable, homey, personal sense of a room; that is, if they are rightly chosen. Nothing seems more ostentatiously cheap and vulgar than a huge, ornate mirror in a simple elegant room. It fairly screams of unfitness and bad taste. Like a vain, boastful person, it permits nothing to be seen or heard save its showy self; it is painfully conspicu-



This oval mirror is of dull gold relieved by carved ornaments at the top.



A mahogany mirror of delicate graceful scrolls built upon a square suitable for small rooms furnished in light weight mahogany.

THE EYE OF THE ROOM



Mahogany mirror with open work scroll carving at the top: Designed for large rooms fitted with heavy mahogany furniture.

ous. Nothing equals a mirror for expressing sumptuousness; but unwisely used and overdone it reacts from this desirable quality and breathes but of cheap restaurants and dance halls.

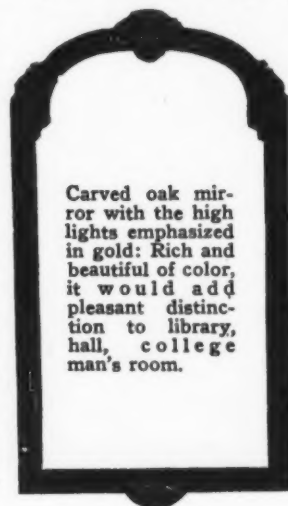
So, great care must be exercised in choosing the mirrors for a home, especially those outside the bedrooms; these present not so difficult a problem, but the correct mirror for hall, living or dining room is not always easy to determine. It is not at all necessary that they be of the same type as the furniture in the room.

Rather should they be distinctive, as a picture is distinctive, something essentially different in quality and style, something that will bring freshness, brightness and variety.

The oval mirror of dull gold, relieved by carved ornament at the top, is suitable for rooms of many kinds. It will add richness, its slender oval would tend to correct proportion of rooms with too high ceilings (as many of the older houses have been made), and bring change to a room furnished with rather prim furniture. Mirrors similar to this, but with the ribbon ornament at the apex of the oval instead of at the side, will be more convenient of shape for space between two windows, in a hall over a console, in a bedroom over a dressing table. Empire in design, it should only be used in simple, elegant rooms rather than large impressive ones.

The second and third mirrors are of mahogany; one slender, delicate, of graceful scrolls built upon a square and merging with it, is ideal for small sitting rooms or bedrooms furnished in light weight mahogany; the other is for larger rooms furnished with heavier mahogany pieces. Here again is the happy union of a square relieved by curves. In this case the scrolls have been grouped across the top to prevent any sense of heaviness that might arise in so wide a frame. The carving cut through in open-work pattern gives a sense of lightness.

If the furniture be of oak on rather severe lines, such a mirror as the fourth one illustrated would be most fitting, for



Carved oak mirror with the high lights emphasized in gold: Rich and beautiful of color, it would add pleasant distinction to library, hall, college man's room.

THE EYE OF THE ROOM



This mirror is of carved walnut: The shields and tips of carving are relieved in gold, and color is sometimes rubbed in when desired to produce a polychrome effect.

though the sides and base are square, there is a lightsome, graceful arch above. The breaking of the inner line of the square at the top with the slight carving where square and arch meet gives a pleasant line; so also does the half shell ornament introduced at the bottom and the shield at the top, both of which project a trifle, thus breaking the rigid plane of the square. This mirror is of carved oak with the high lights emphasized in gold. It is rich and beautiful of color and would add pleasant distinction to library, hall or the college man's room.

The fifth mirror is of walnut conveying the Jacobean spirit needed to complete rooms furnished in this period. However, it would look well in any large reception hall or dining room that is furnished in walnut. The shield and tips of carving are relieved in gold. Color is sometimes rubbed in also when desired to have it used in connection with the polychrome so approved by modern decorators.

In selecting a mirror the question of size presents itself most prominently, for its effect in a room, no matter how beautiful it is of itself, is utterly disappointing unless a proper balance is maintained with the other articles of furniture. If it is so small that it is overpowered by the console or dresser above which it is placed, the result is ludicrous; if too large it not only looks clumsy and topheavy, but utterly ruins the beauty of the articles with which it is associated. The only way to determine its correct size is to make a sketch, to scale, of the portion of the room where it is to be used or a drawing of the table or dresser above which it is to hang, and try the effect of different sizes of mirrors made to scale and placed upon it. If this cannot be done the mirror itself should be taken home and tried out before purchasing, or still better, the advice of some experienced decorator as to the correct relationship of mirror and its companion article of furniture should be obtained.

Proportion is a great secret in successful home furnishing. Upon it depends, to a great extent, the nameless sense of satisfaction and completion that some rooms possess. When the lounge chairs are not too large, the lamp too small, the pictures too numerous and the mirror too heavy, then the room possesses a refinement that eludes analysis except to those who understand the principles of balance.

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS: HISTORY AND ROMANCE IN RUGS AND TAPESTRIES



THE song of the loom has clicked its staccato music through the primitive history of every nation that has taken part in the early civilization of the world. Poems have been written, ballads sung to it, music composed from romantic memories of it. The histories of epochs have been woven thread by thread on the loom, love stories have been told in its pictures, and the gay and sad ways of a people remembered.

The French court life is portrayed in the tapestries of Aubusson and Beauvais, as clearly as in the paintings of Fragonard. The Persian weaves his temple in his prayer rug, and kneels at its gates in his own home. The religion of the Chinese may be read in the rug under the feet of the atheist of today.

And so it is of no little interest to know of the looms of the world, and especially of our own western world. We are proud of our early fabrics and carpets, and we should be equally proud of the methods of their production. Not only are we interested in the loom as a curiosity, but many women today taking up weaving with interest are troubled only by the difficulty of setting up a loom and learning to use it. When we consider how primitive women managed to produce fabrics of both beauty and durability out of the grasses and other natural fibers culled in their neighborhood, it seems as if any modern

worker ought to be able to master the problems arising in ordinary hand-loom weaving. The processes are not difficult, requiring patience and thoroughness rather than scientific knowledge. This article aims to give a description of the various steps reduced to the lowest terms and in not too technical language.



Weaver from Bayberry shops at work upon modern adaptation of old loom.

The primitive loom used for rag rugs and simple linen weaving is much the same in construction as those used several hundred years ago. In one of Giotto's paintings of the fourteenth century a loom is represented not unlike those now in use. One reason for the permanency in construction is that the loom then in use had all the essential parts, and the devices which have been added were intended to save

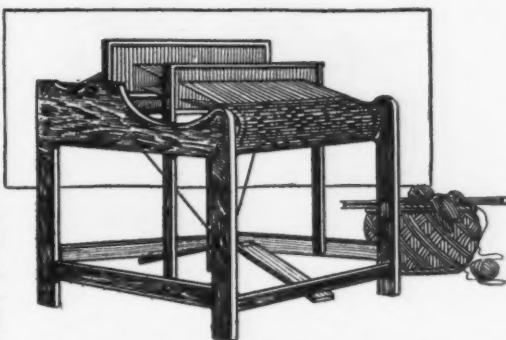
WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS

labor, increase the output of work, and extend the possibilities of pattern weaving. Mediæval weavers produced much beautiful patternwork. Some of these designs, handed down from one craftsman to another for seven or eight centuries, remain to us in the intricate blue and white coverlids of Colonial days; in twills or satin weaves and various bird's-eye and other small figures now used in machine weaving for table linens and silks.

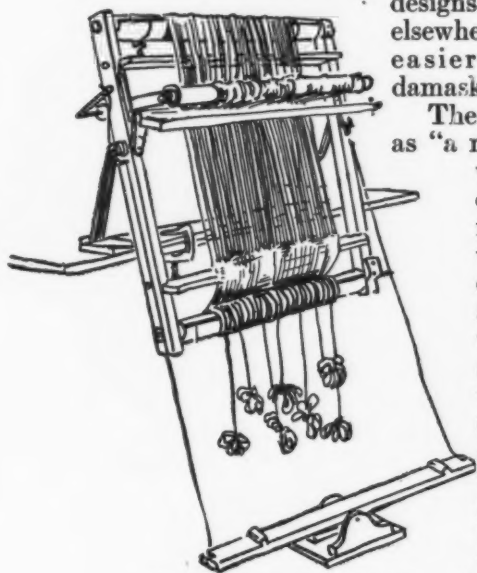
These patterns were seldom written out by any systematic method, but were recorded in a kind of weavers' shorthand to be interpreted only by another weaver, consequently many of them were lost when hand weaving went out of fashion. Notebooks of patterns are sometimes still found in old country attics. Among the Southern mountain folk the traditions of how to "set up" and weave the old designs have been preserved better than elsewhere in this country, so it has been easier there to revive the coverlid and damask designs.

The Century Dictionary defines a loom as "a machine in which yarn or thread is woven into a fabric by the crossing of threads called 'chain or warp,' running lengthwise, with others called weft, woof or filling." The machine consists of a solid framework, with a roller at each end over which the warp threads are stretched, through a series of eyelets called heddles, and the interstices called dents in a comb called the reed. The framework is sometimes arranged so that the threads run up and down, as in the Navajo looms, but the horizontal loom is more used and easier to procure and to manipulate.

The frame of the looms used by country weavers is generally about

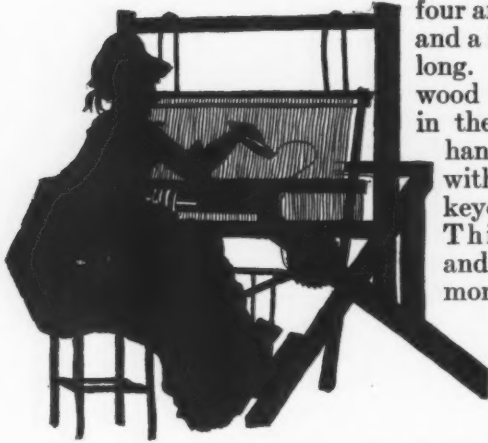


Inexpensive modern loom occupying less space in a room than a table.



German loom made to be used from the end of a table for weaving small articles.

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS



Old-time loom of grandmother days built upon the simplest of lines.

four and a half or five feet high, four and a half or five feet wide and six feet long. The timbers used are of hard wood five or six inches square, and in the oldest looms hewed out by hand from hickory or oak, finished with mortise and tenon joints, and keyed together with wooden pins. This gives a stable construction, and in some ways such a loom is more desirable than one of smaller size which takes up less room and looks more attractive. The loom illustrated in the large photograph came from central New Hampshire, where it had lain in the attic disused for sixty years. With a few

extra pieces made by a carpenter and a new set of heddles it has proved most satisfactory, and has been in use for about five years by a blind man.

Another of these old looms called "Aunt Debby," over a hundred years old, has proved equally satisfactory. It belonged originally to a village weaver, known to her neighbors as Aunt Debby. When she died she willed her cherished loom, her choicest possession, I almost said companion, to her minister. When he was called to another church he left the loom with an old Englishwoman who understood linen weaving. She called the loom "Aunt Debby" for its original owner, and wove hundreds of yards of linen toweling and sheeting. But a few years ago, in her eighty-sixth year, she decided that her weaving days were over, and "Aunt Debby" traveled hundreds of miles to a new home, where *she* is good for another century of work.

These old looms are easily set up, as the parts are generally numbered to show how they fit together. In buying one it is necessary to see that no essential piece is lacking. One with all essential parts can be procured for about twenty-five dollars. Before taking up the various steps in setting up a loom it might be well to consider the history of the weaver's art in regard to the materials used, as well as the construction of the loom. The ancients used silk, wool and cotton.

The Persians and Egyptians were the most skilled of ancient
(Continued on page 224)



THE LITTLE CRAFT SHOP ON MERMAID STREET

ONE of the most important craft shops in all England is situated in that lovely old town of Rye; the exact address is as picturesque as the work itself—Mermaid Street, Rye, Sussex. It seems to hold all the romance and history and picturesque beauty that Maurice Hewlett would put into a novel or that Arthur Rackham would sketch for his fairy stories and legends.

And as a matter of fact Rye is one of those enchanting little towns found so often in England, containing some of the most beautiful examples of Tudor and Georgian

architecture; even the little cottages are built with such a homely charm, such delightful color and so embowered in vines and flowers that they are all subject matter for canvas and poet.

Apart from its romance and its beauty and its present importance as the home town of good craftsmanship, it originally belonged to one of the Cinque Ports of England, or rather it was one of the towns added to those first five ports. The ancient collective name of the five English Channel ports—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings—which was enfranchised by Edward the Confessor, was, strangely enough, Cinque Ports, of French origin. Subsequently William the Conqueror grant-



THE VIEW FROM THE WORKSHOP.

THE LITTLE CRAFT SHOP AT RYE



MERMAID STREET, RYE.

ed these five towns the privilege almost of an independent state under command of a warden, with court at Dover Castle, and Winchelsea and Rye were added to the state about this time. The occupation of these little port towns was to supply the country's naval contingent. In the time of Edward the First they provided fifty-seven fully equipped ships, but, alas, they frequently extended their equipping powers to the outfitting of piratical expeditions, and this led to their downfall. However, the position of Lord Warden still exists and holds the ancient privilege of carrying a canopy over the sovereign's head at a coronation.

Although Rye was the last of the little towns added to the Cinque Ports, it is perhaps one of the loveliest. Artistically it occupies a unique position, the town being built on a rock standing isolated on the Romney marsh, some two miles from the receding sea, and anything lovelier than the old monastery down Mermaid street it would be hard to find in all picturesque, lovely England. What more fitting than that a shop for handicrafts should be established in this fair spot, with environment suited to the beauty of the product, with gardens to inspire the craftsmen, and beautiful streets for visitors to walk through in order to acquire beautiful possessions.

Mr. J. P. Steele is the craftsman who has established in Rye a shop already known

to the world, with a reputation for exhibiting only those things which are sound in design and sincere in workmanship, and which, by reason of simplicity of form and nice proportion rather than added ornament, bear some impress of the thought and imagination of the craftsman, some evidence of "joy in labor." Mr. Steele's work includes metal work, pottery, furniture, embroidery, printing, book binding and wall decoration, and often in the exhibition at the old monastery the work of other craftsmen is shown, provided it has inherent value as a sincere work of art.

In a letter which Mr. Steele wrote to *THE CRAFTSMAN* he says: "Every article



FRUIT STAND
IN SILVERED
COPPER.

HAMMERED
COPPER BOWL
WITH TWISTED
WIRE BEADS.

THE LITTLE CRAFT SHOP AT RYE

shown in the illustrations is my own individual work made under almost ideal conditions in a workshop in my garden here and usually placed for sale, along with the productions of other craftsmen who are doing individual work, in a little gallery of Arts and Crafts at the front of the house.

"I am one of those who believe that the designer and workman should be one and the same person, and that we shall never get a real revival of arts and crafts as long as one man is engaged in making pretty and striking designs on paper which are afterward divided up amongst spinners and

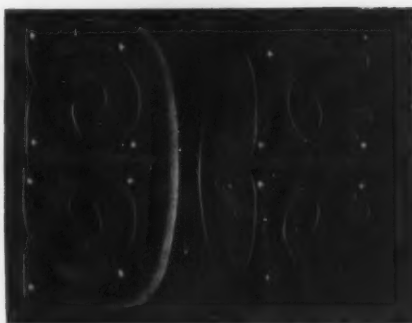
chasers and casters and finishers and polishers and so forth."

We feel that Mr. Steele's point of view is significant and



SILVERED COPPER FRUIT BOWL.

worth the consideration of the American craftsmen. He evidently stands by the old William Morris ideal that "A work of art, be it never so humble, is long-lived: we never tire of it: as long as



DRAWER-PULL IN PHOSPHOR BRONZE.

scraps hang together it is valuable and instructive to each new generation. All works of art have the property of becoming venerable amidst decay: and reason good, for from the first there was a soul in them, the thought of man, which will be visible in them as long as the body exists in which they were implanted."

In the pictures with which we are illustrating this brief notice of Mr. Steele's work we are showing a few pieces of his craftsmanship and some lovely views of old Rye, of Landgate, Mermaid street, and the exquisite old English garden which Mr. Steele has a view of from his workshop windows.

It was the hope of THE CRAFTSMAN to have a more extended interview with Mr. Steele, but war conditions in England have changed the artists into soldiers and the in-



LANDGATE, RYE.

THE LITTLE CRAFT SHOP AT RYE

dustrial art activities into the production of weapons of warfare, so that, although our in-



ELECTRIC BELL-PULL
IN PHOSPHOR
BRONZE.

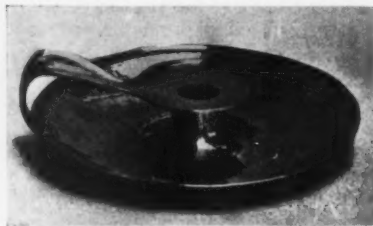


FIRE IRONS AND STAND IN
WROUGHT IRON.

formation about Rye and its eminent craftsman is limited and our pictures are but few, yet we are only too glad to present the work and the environment of a man who stands for the highest ideals that can be associated with the production of beauty of hand labor.

More has been accomplished in this little shop at Rye than can be seen on the surface. The growth within the minds of the workers has been as significant as the work

of their hands. Those who looked upon the experiment have been inspired and those who managed to possess themselves of a bit of the work turned out of the workshop find that they have a source of endless delight. It is through just such little groups of earnest and gifted workers that some of the pieces were made in those long ago days when guilds were at the apex of their power, that are now treasured in our museums. It is from just such bodies of skilled artisans that work will come worthy to be

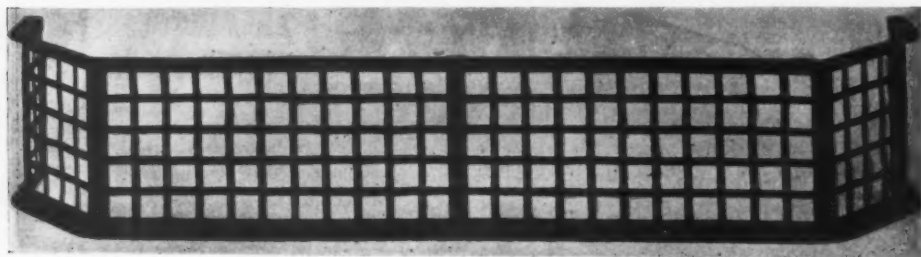


BEDROOM CANDLESTICK IN COPPER.

ranked with those notable old pieces now the inspiration of our modern art.

But aside from its possible influence on the future there is the very sure one of its influence upon the present. There has been such a widespread interest in fewer and better things for the home that similar little shops are springing up in America also. Our houses are being simplified of much of the poor, foolish objects to give place to one thoroughly good bit of careful workmanship. Our homes, the people in them and the workers who supply us with these simpler and better things are all the gainers by such little craft shops at Rye.

Things which we use for utilitarian purposes should be beautiful and interesting as well as the objects called works of art which we put upon a shelf and serve only æsthetic purposes. Everything about the house from the bolt upon the door to the lamp upon the wall should be beautiful.



LATTICE FENDER IN BRASS.

BRINGING NATURE TO THE SCHOOLGROUNDS

NATURE IN THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS: BY HENRY S. CURTIS, PH.D.

(Reproduced from *The American City*, Feb., 1915, by permission.)

THERE are always people living near playgrounds who object to them as ugly and noisy. There is no doubt that an unfenced playground, where all the grass has been worn off by abundant use and no adequate supervision has been furnished, will cause property in the immediate neighborhood to depreciate in value. The natural answer to objectors is fencing and beautifying the playground and providing adequate supervision. If this is not done the play movement cannot get the enthusiastic support which it needs.

There are natural limitations in beautifying a playground. It cannot be turned into an ornamental park or a series of flower beds without destroying it for play purposes, but it is not at all necessary that playgrounds should be ugly.

THE FENCE.

The thing to begin with in beautifying a playground is the fence. The fence is likely to be the most important element in the layout when it is finished. It serves a double purpose in beautifying the grounds: it shuts off the view of the bare ground within, and it may be itself a thing of beauty.

The fence which is placed around a playground should be hard to climb; it should be reasonably durable and it should add to the appearance of the ground.

A steel picket fence is used around the Chicago playgrounds. It is about six feet high, with steel posts set in concrete blocks. It is expensive even in the large quantities purchased in Chicago—\$1.25 a running foot—but it answers all purposes, is soon installed and is very durable, and may be covered with flowering vines.

Not many playgrounds are surrounded by hedge fences, but I am inclined to think that a hedge is a very good playground fence. It is cheap, much handsomer than a picket fence, and, when it is well grown, almost impossible to climb. It serves to shut off the blasts of winter and offers at least a border of shade in the summer. If it is allowed to grow to the height of six feet or more, it gives seclusion to the girls' playground. For such a fence, some sort of

evergreen, such as cedar, box or privet, should be chosen. Privet is probably the most satisfactory wherever it will grow. It is a handsome green the whole year round, but will not grow in the more northern parts of the country. In order to protect the hedge, it will be necessary to put up a wire fence beside it, that it may not be stamped on. The fence should be five or six inches outside the hedge. The young shoots should usually be planted in two rows, not more than six inches apart. As the hedge grows, it will spread through the wires and entirely conceal the fence.

A very attractive as well as cheap fence is of woven wire made tight at the bottom to prevent balls from going through, and then covered with vines. There is a great variety of vines that may be used and that will add to the appearance of the ground. The fence of the Jamestown Exposition was about eight feet high and covered with honeysuckle and clematis. It was a mass of blossoms during most of the fair and the fragrance filled the air for a block around. Honeysuckle and clematis are hardy and will soon cover a fence anywhere in the southern section of the country. The morning glory, moon vine and kudzu will beautify a fence within two or three months. The prettiest fence that I have ever seen is the picket fence around Echo Park, Los Angeles. This is covered with rambling roses, which are in blossom much of the year.

TREES.

Every playground should be surrounded by a double row of trees, one row just outside the sidewalk and the other just inside the fence. The double row should also be carried around all the subdivisions of the playground, both for beauty and for shade. The trees should be selected with both of these ends in view. Probably the hard maple meets these requirements better than any other tree in most sections of the country, as it has a beautiful top and gives a dense shade. It is, however, a slow-growing tree. Trees are usually planted about forty feet apart by landscape architects and foresters, so as to give the tops full room to mature. It is sometimes well to plant between these such trees as soft maples, cottonwoods or ginkgos, which grow rapidly and may be cut out later after the other trees are well grown. The Lombardy poplar has certain important advantages as a playground tree because it will grow tall

BRINGING NATURE TO THE SCHOOLGROUNDS

even in the open, and thus cast its shade a long way. If Lombardies are used, they should be planted not more than eight or ten feet apart. It is a rapidly growing tree, but is apt to be scraggy in appearance. In the double row of trees it may be worth while at times to use a smaller and more beautiful tree like the horse chestnut, or, in the South, the magnolia, for the inner row.

The tree that is planted in a playground has difficult conditions to deal with, and there should be an effort to plant good-sized trees wherever possible. I find that a large part of them do not live. The reason is, as a rule, that they are not really planted. They are literally torn up by the roots from some neighboring forest or nursery, a small hole is dug in the ground, the tree is stuck in, the earth is thrown back and tramped down, and the tree is expected to grow. In planting a tree, a space not less than five feet square should be excavated and filled with good soil. The earth should be put back carefully and the tree should be boxed to protect it from injury during its first years. The estimate of the cost of planting a tree in the schoolyards of Washington was \$4, not including the cost of the tree—only the charge for making the excavation, filling in good dirt, removing the subsoil, and boxing.

Trees should never be planted promiscuously in a playground, but they might properly be planted around special features, such as the tennis or basket or volley ball court, if there is ample room. It will be a generation before we can get a playground shaded with great elms or oaks or maples where the birds will sing in the branches and the squirrels and owls will find their homes, but it is necessary for us to make a beginning, if our children or grandchildren are to have these advantages.

SHRUBBERY.

In regard to the general use of shrubbery in playgrounds, there is only one thing to say, and that is, "Don't." Shrubby has little to add to a playground and it has dangers that are not to be minimized. No place of concealment is good where boys and girls are likely to come close together. Shrubby may be used with safety in the form of a low hedge to protect a grass plot or flower bed or to maintain a path, or where it is banked against the front or sides of a recreation building in a narrow border.

Vines on a trellis make an excellent cover to a sand bin, much cooler and more satisfactory than an awning. They will serve to conceal outbuildings, and may well be used to cover buildings of any sort.

GRASS AND FLOWERS.

It is difficult to raise grass in a small playground because the children tread it down and kill it. The only grass I know of that will stand this intensive wear is the Bermuda grass of the South. Nevertheless it may be quite possible to have a border of grass under the trees around the ground. This would add greatly to the appearance of the grounds and would serve as a place for story-telling and resting when weary from hard play. It may be necessary to protect this grass by a low wire fence or hedge so that children may not use it as a part of their play field. Such a border should be maintained whenever it is possible.

Flowers and playgrounds do not go well together, and any extensive decoration of a playground with flower beds is sure to be an intrusion and a nuisance. Some of the school playgrounds in Washington had flower beds situated next to the fences. Many of these flower beds were practically uninjured by the play, and the playgrounds were certainly prettier for having the flowers; but the simple fact is that playgrounds were intended to raise children and not flowers, and where teachers put flowers above children, as has been done in many school yards, the children always suffer. If there is a flag pole on the grounds, as there should be, it is well to have a mass of banked flowers, such as salvia or cannas or geraniums, about the flag pole; or it may be worth while to have one or two simple beds of flowers at the entrance to the grounds, on each side of the gate, and kept by the attendant, but I doubt if much more than this is wise.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

This term is generally understood to mean the vegetable gardens that are a feature in so many playgrounds. There is no inherent reason for the connection between playgrounds and gardening, as gardening is not play to most children. The gardening should be regarded as a form of manual training in the open air. There is a great lack of such handicrafts for boys in city playgrounds; no boy wants to play all the time, and almost any form of legitimate

BRINGING NATURE TO THE SCHOOLGROUNDS

handicraft is worth while. Every child ought to know, as a part of his education, how plants grow and how the vegetables that he sees every day on the table, look in the ground.

The common practice has been to raise four or five different kinds of vegetables such as radishes, beets, lettuce, turnips, carrots and the like, in individual plots for which the individual child is responsible, and then perhaps to have some large experimental plots on which various other things are raised. One of the most successful gardens of this kind is the one conducted by Mrs. Henry Parsons, of New York City, known as the International Farm School, and located in De Witt Clinton Park at Fifty-second street and Eleventh avenue. There is a tract about 150 feet square laid out to somewhat less than 400 small gardens. The gardens are four by eight feet in size, and contain much the same series of vegetables as has been mentioned above. They are so planted that the rows of radishes and beets are continuous from bed to bed across the field.

The garden is always in general charge of two or three gardeners. The children do all of their planting and most of their cultivating under direction. Each child has his own tools and is responsible for his own plot. If he neglects it, however, it is taken away from him and given to some other child. The children learn much of the laws of germination and growth and fertilization, of soil erosion and other fundamental things. On one of these small gardens it is possible to raise as much of the minor vegetables as a small family care for. Some children have sold the produce of one of these small farms for as much as \$5. Gardening is well worth while in connection with the playgrounds, if there is sufficient land and some one to devote his time to it. Gardens, however, will not run themselves, nor can the interest and knowledge of physical directors be depended on to make them a success.

THE MENAGERIE.

All children are fond of animals. It is the children who keep up the zoological gardens in all of our cities, for it is they and the parents they bring who are the chief visitors. In the State of Oregon the Superintendent of Schools promotes the idea that every child should have some animal to care for. There are excellent reasons for this. The care of

an animal gives a sense of responsibility which should always be encouraged. I do not feel sure how safe it is to trust children to feed animals things that will not kill them, but certainly it adds greatly to the pleasure if they may feed as well as watch them. In the zoological gardens of Germany there is food for sale which may be purchased and fed to the animals. A little pig is always interesting to children, and two or three chickens that might lay eggs and possibly hatch out a brood of little ones would be of endless interest. In the yard of the Emerson School in Gary, Ind., there is a coon house and tree. In the yard of the Froebel School there is a large fountain that is to be filled with fish. Many kindergartens have rabbits and guinea-pigs and goldfish; so a menagerie is not altogether an innovation.

BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS.

During the last decade the squirrels have moved into the cities and taken possession. They have apparently found that the country is too dangerous, that the city is safer, and that the high price of living is reduced greatly by the peanuts that are dispensed on the park bench and the bread lunches that are thrown down. Most playgrounds are practically without trees of any considerable size, but we hope they will some time have them. Children have not been very kind to birds and animals in the past, but they are gaining a new love through their nature study, and perhaps, some time, we can have bird and squirrel houses in the trees around the playground and call the birds and squirrels to make their home there. The playground seems really to require them for its completion.

OLD CRAFTSMAN WANTED

IN making up our files for libraries and museums we find ourselves greatly in need of the following issues of the magazine: January, 1913; February, 1913, and January, 1915. If any of our subscribers can return these particular copies to us we will be glad to pay 50 cents apiece for them; or a subscription of the magazine for one year will be given for the return of five copies of any of the dates here mentioned. We should be glad to hear from our subscribers as promptly as possible, as we are eager to complete certain files for binding. In sending back the magazines please write a note to the Circulation Department stating whether or no cash is desired or a magazine subscription. With our thanks for your courtesy,

THE CRAFTSMAN.

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS

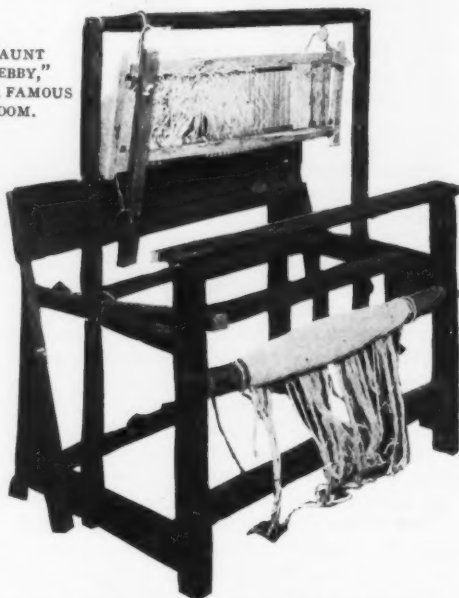
WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS

(Continued from page 216.)

loom weavers. In Egypt the clothing of the poorer classes was composed of woolen cloth; the rich wore cotton and wool; the priests wore linen, as it was considered purer, woolen goods being considered impure, owing to its harboring moths. In Isaiah it says, "They shall wax old as a garment, the moths shall eat them up." Linen was also used for shrouds. We see in ancient mummy cases beautiful examples of linen fabrics. The Egyptian belief that the spirit after wandering and going through many transmigrations for three thousand years might return to its human tenement, if it found the mummy in good condition and properly clothed, explains the care with which the bodies were dressed.

The linen used was often of beautiful quality, retaining its firmness and luster even to the present day, in spite of the darkening of color. Some of the Egyptian linen weaving was very fine, having as many as 140 threads to the inch in the warp, and 64 in the woof. In Egyptian workrooms many weavers worked side by side, and in an ancient chronicle it is related that the women weavers became dissatisfied be-

"AUNT DEBBY,"
A FAMOUS
LOOM.



cause they were not allowed to talk as much as they wished while working, and refused to work, which is perhaps the first strike on record in the weavers' trade.

In the British Isles weaving was under royal protection from early times. King Edward III in 1329 gave his permission to foreign weavers, principally from the Netherlands, to settle in England in order that they might advance the cause of what he calls "That honest, best and most beneficial trade of the kingdom, to the great enrichment, strength and honor thereof." Some cities, notably Bristol, objected to this influx of foreigners, and it is said "pursued the Flemings with exactions," especially one Thomas Blanket and some other weavers of woolen cloth. Blanket appealed to the king, and was allowed to continue his work unmolested. The name blanket still applies to woolen sheets. Worsted being the center for the manufacture of a certain kind of woolen goods gave its name to that fabric.

During this early period other countries were also introducing new methods and materials. Charles V of Spain, when Pizarro brought the llama to his court, was told it was the only beast of burden known on the new continent. After he had seen the fine fabrics made from its wool, he said it was more valuable for this than for domestic



"BLIND TOM" WEAVING RAG RUGS ON A CENTURY-OLD LOOM.

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS

PROGRESS OF WEAVING IN AMERICA.

Early in the history of our own colonies cotton weaving was introduced in New England, the raw cotton being brought from the southern coast by ships owned in Salem, Marblehead, and other ports. Some of these ships had brought slaves from Africa to the cotton raising States and came on North with cotton.

In 1686 the Governor of Pennsylvania offered a prize for the best piece of linen cloth. It was claimed by Abraham Opdingrafe. In England cotton print mills were started about the same time, one in 1690 on the banks of the Thames.

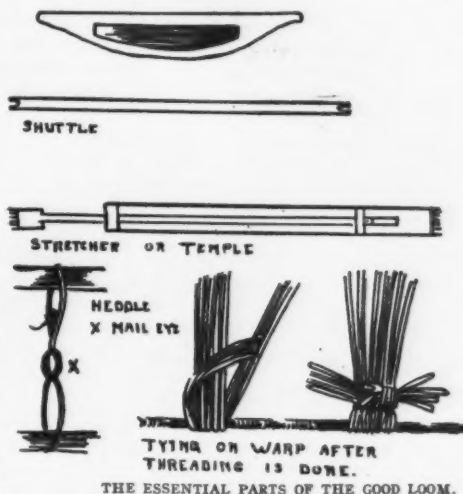
Machinery was gradually being tried to simplify the process and, as was natural, an attempt was made to limit the use of these by patent. Joseph Mason obtained a patent for an engine, by the aid of which a weaver could do without the help of an extra boy. The making of calico was patented also.

During the 17th century there was great dissatisfaction in regard to the use of imported cotton fabrics and the wearing of such was punishable by a fine. Improvements were rapidly made in system and machines. In 1718 the modern factory system was introduced, and in 1733 John Wyatt made a machine upon which was spun the first thread of cotton produced without the intervention of human fingers.

In 1764 James Hargreaves made the spinning jenny, and by four years after, in 1768, the colonies were able to provide many of their own fabrics, as linsey-woolsey and linen were made in nearly every household, either by some member of the family or by itinerant weavers. Cotton was only used as weft.

In 1775 the first spinning jenny was seen in America, and in 1788 two Scotch weavers went to Providence to weave corduroy, and a loom was set up in the market house with probably the first fly shuttle used in America.

In the story of the inventions of this period there are many interesting bits of personal history. One deals with the inventions of one Richard Arkwright, a barber at Bolton, who afterward became one of the greatest of the inventors of weaving machinery. He was knighted in 1786 and died in 1792, aged 60. In his early days his wife burned the models he was working on, which he never forgave her, and in his richest days he never allowed her an income of



THE ESSENTIAL PARTS OF THE GOOD LOOM.

more than four shillings a week, the least the law granted at that time. Afterward he had twenty factories, either his own, or those paying to use his machinery. In 1782 he employed 5,000 persons. Later his patents were set aside and his inventions thrown open to the public.

Meanwhile in America constant improvements were being tried out, but not until 1792 was there a really new invention in the cotton gin, a machine to sift the cotton seed from the lint. This was invented by Eli Whitney, and is said to have originated in a suggestion made by his employer's wife. He was a teacher in the family of General Greene, but was fond of experimenting with machinery, and the cotton gin was Greene's wife's idea.

It was about this same time that the first sheetings, checks and ginghams were made in America. In 1813 the first power loom factory in America, if not in the world, was used by Lowell, Jackson and Moody, in Waltham, Mass.

The Jacquard loom was invented by Joseph Mairé Jacquard, born at Lyons, France, in 1752. He completed the loom in 1801, but met with great opposition, and his model was burned. After some years the machine became famous, and a statue to Jacquard now stands where his model was burned. The principle depends on threading the warp through cards to make a design. It is mostly used in silk weaving, as Arkwright's inventions were used in cotton weaving.

It will be observed that while the essen-

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS

tial parts of the loom are similar, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, there are slight differences in detail. The *harness* or group of heddles is not always swung from the top of the loom in the same way, and the pedals or treadles are attached sometimes at the front, sometimes at the back.

The two *beams* or rollers must be held in slots at each end of the frame work, the front or *cloth beam* must be fixed so as to be held tightly in place by an iron pawl catching into a ratchet. The back or *yarn beam* generally has large pegs by which it can be turned, and a heavy wooden lever to set it and hold the warp taut. The photographs show these two beams, as well as the harness or heddle group, and in front of it the *batten*, which is a swinging frame holding the *reed*, so called because it is used to beat up each row of filling into a close fabric. *Lathe* or *sley* is another name for the batten.

THE OLD LOOMS.

In the very oldest looms the method was that of darning, the needle or shuttle was carried over one thread and under another. But in very early times a method was devised to hold up a series of alternate threads. The shuttle was then passed through, and the arrangement of threads changed so that the series which had been above is now below; this process is called *shedding*. Back of the heddles two sticks are inserted which keep the crossing of the threads perfect. These are called *shed sticks*, or *lease sticks*. The shed is formed in a modern two-heddle loom by drawing up alternate threads by raising the heddle through which they pass. This is done by pressing the foot on one pedal, lowering the corresponding heddle which causes the other to raise. The warp leaving the yarn beam is first threaded through the heddles, sometimes called *healds*, the group of heddles is called the *harness* or *shaft*. The heddles are sometimes made by hand of string, as in second illustration in which they are made of seine cord. Sometimes they are of cord with a metal eye, and sometimes of brass or iron wire. The essential part of the heddle is the *mail-eye*. The heddles set in frames are much the easiest for an amateur to use.

Directly in front of the heddles is the swinging batten or reed frame. Reeds are generally made nowadays of steel, but in Colonial days they were sometimes made of bamboo or whalebone. The warp is

threaded through the interstices or *dents* of the reed made by threading 2 threads in a hole for 6 or 8 dents.

A stretcher with nails at the ends formerly called temple or tenterhook, is used to keep the goods stretched across or of uniform width. The old expression to be "on tenterhooks" possibly arose from this connection with weaving.

A loom having been obtained and the various parts of the outer frame adjusted, the heddles and reed being left till later, the first step is preparing and putting on the warp. This is frequently done even in schools where weaving is done in large quantities, by a professional weaver, but it is not always convenient to get one when desired. Another plan is to have the warp put on the beam by a professional before the loom is set up. It is, however, much more interesting to do as much as possible one's self and the process of beaming the warp is a particularly fascinating one. The making of a leased warp can also be done by amateurs, but it is wiser not to attempt this on the first warp. Warping consists in arranging in parallel lines as many threads as are required to weave the desired width, and as long as the piece of goods is to be. This must be done a few threads at a time. These threads must be crossed near the end so as to make a crossing similar to that in the shed. A detailed description of this process will be given later on, but the first warp may be procured ready-made. The number of threads or "ends" required may be estimated by multiplying the number of inches the finished goods is to be by the dents in one inch of the reed. Twelve threads to the inch is an average number for rag weaving. The warp should be that usually required in rag weaving. A sample from a rag rug may be sent to the dealers. White or cream colored warp is best to begin with. In a piece 36 inches wide with 12 threads to the inch, 432 threads would be required, allowing for a few double for the selvage, 450 ends is a good number. Twenty-five yards is as much as a novice can handle easily. The warp can be procured at wholesale rates and delivered express C. O. D. from Tinkler & Co., Philadelphia. It should be stated in ordering that it is to be chained—that is, after the lease is put in the whole warp is chain-stitched at the factory to avoid tangling.

MERTICE BUCK.

(Continued in December.)

THE HOUSE THAT WILL NOT BURN

THE HOUSE THAT WILL NOT BURN

ONE thing the man of today rightly expects of a house—that it shall be safe—that it shall be proof against fire. Simple consistency demands so much. And in these days of modern fireproof material for building, there is no excuse for the neglect of this vital requirement—no good and sound reason that can be urged against building every home fire-safe.

For the rest, a man demands that his house shall be sanitary; that it shall be comfortable; that it shall be pleasing in appearance; that it shall be permanent; and that it shall be economical in up-keep.

He demands these things, but he does not always get them. Every professional designer of homes, every professional builder of homes knows this. And thousands of home owners know it to their sorrow.

Let us consider a few significant facts:

The overwhelming majority of American homes are of frame construction.

The depreciation on a frame dwelling is three times that of a cement, concrete or any other non-inflammable material.

Our annual fire loss is two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, one-half of which would be saved by the use of non-combustible materials. Our per capita loss is three times that of France, five times that of England, twelve times that of Germany.

In those countries there is practically no frame construction to be found. Here in America we have homes to burn.

Most startling of all, more than fifteen hundred lives are lost annually through fires—a terrible sacrifice to tinder-box construction.

Yesterday we built houses with the material at hand—timber; today we are building permanent homes of steel, of concrete and other non-combustible material.

We are building for tomorrow, homes that are safe against decay, proof against fire. It is a matter of obligation to every architect, every contractor, to know the available materials and to master the approved methods so that he and his client may take a personal pride in the result.

The man who builds himself a home knows he must fight fire and decay *when he builds*, not after. This house he builds is his big investment—his bid for a standing in the community—his home.

With no wood or flimsy material to burn, the fire hazard is nil. Fire cannot start except in the furniture or hangings, and it cannot spread. Flames rising to the ceiling cannot break through to the floors above. The fireproof partitions and walls check and confine the blaze effectively. The fire control is automatic—absolute.

The fireproof house is of double value, for a house well constructed is not only



A FIREPROOF HOUSE: APPROXIMATE COST \$10,000.00: LOUIS BOUCHERLE & SON, ARCHITECTS: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.



A FIREPROOF COTTAGE: APPROXIMATE COST \$2,500.00: LOUIS BOUCHERLE & SON, ARCHITECTS, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.



A FIREPROOF HOUSE: APPROXIMATE COST \$6,500.00: LOUIS BOUCHERLE & SON, ARCHITECTS: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

THE HOUSE THAT WILL NOT BURN



MODERN FIREPROOF HOUSES.

safe so far as fire is concerned, but is warm in the winter and cool in the summer. The air space in walls is a wonderful insulation against changing temperature. It is a house easy to keep at a uniform temperature—an important feature, but of first consideration if there are children in the house.

The man who builds his house fire-safe possesses a home that will remain for his children, and for their children and for generations beyond.

And the fact that he is building for permanence so broadens his ideas that the architect is given wider scope and freer rein in his work.

The first cost of the fireproof house is little more than the old-time tinder-box construction, but the last cost is actually less. Repairs are obviously lessened, the very principle of construction being sound and wear-resisting. All the unceasing petty repairs that the frame house demands—broken gutters, loose siding, interior cracks, uneven floors, etc., are avoided.

The heavy cost of repainting is eliminated. Cement and concrete homes grow mel-

low with age; they do not demand a new outside finish every so often. Reshingling, an expensive item when required, is done away with. Depreciation, the permanent exhaustion of values, is slight. Heating expense is minimized. Insurance rates are comparatively insignificant. In short, the up-keep of the fireproof house is so low that it more than over-balances the slightly greater first cost.

The old argument for frame construction on account of cheapness is no longer of any force. This modern fireproof dwelling is not only the best, but it is the least expensive in the long run.

Mr. Maurice M. Sloan in "The Concrete House and Its Construction" says: "The fundamental rule of all good architectural design is that the appearance of the building shall express the structural capabilities of the materials of which it is composed. The great main divisions of architectural history are marked either by the adoption of new materials or by improved methods of using the old ones. But as all transitions in architectural styles are slow and gradual, elements of previous architectural design still appear in the newer styles. So it is that the columnar halls of the Egyptian temple take their proportions and construction from the rock temples carved in the mountain side, where gigantic pillars were left to support the roof of the vault, as in modern mine workings.

"The Greeks, following the precedent of the Egyptians, built with the stone column and superimposed lintels until the Romans developed the arch, and learned that great spans could be made by supporting an arch ring of stones under heavy buttresses. It remained, however, for those masters of Gothic architecture the mediævalists to produce a new architecture by balancing arch thrust with arch thrust, and supporting the whole gigantic, and, withal, light and wonderful structure, upon isolated piers, the beauty of which has never been surpassed." Americans are now making designs for concrete houses as suitable for homes as the Gothic is for temples.

ABOUT AMERICAN RUGS

ABOUT AMERICAN RUGS: BY FRANK ALEXANDER COX

MOST antique rugs were made to use and to keep and not to sell. The quality varied only with the skill and resources of the weavers. Each family in the Orient raised its own sheep, spun its own wools, prepared its own dyes, dyed its own yarns and wove in its own designs. The rugs were their own rugs, the result of their own skill and labor, the product of their own handiwork. The value of such rugs could scarcely be expressed in dollars and cents, for oftentimes they embodied the life industry of an entire family.

The designs were historic. Some were hundreds of years old. They were characteristic of the localities from which they came and expressive of the traditions of the tribes by whom they were made. They were so distinctive that oftentimes the origin of a rug could be traced back even to the particular family by whom it was woven in some little village hidden away far up among the hills.

The dyemakers often devoted their entire lives to the making of vegetable dyes. Seldom did they attempt to master more than one or two colors. Time to them meant little. The production of a beautiful coloring brought them fame and distinction far more precious to them than gold. The secrets of their methods were a father's legacy to his oldest son, and jealously guarded.

It is doubtful if there are today many vegetable dyes used in the Orient, for in the course of time there developed a demand for Oriental fabrics which could not be supplied by the slow and painstaking methods of dyeing and weaving of the olden days. Aniline dye stuffs and day labor in rug factories have solved the question of production and created an industry. What was once an art has become a trade. What was once a pastime is now a livelihood. That a sweatshop on the East Side of New York should turn out Navajo blankets by the dozens, is no more incongruous than Turkish rug factories in the slums of Constantinople are making Persian prayer rugs by the bale.

Today, some of the finest of the Oriental wools are exported to the makers of domestic rugs. A similar condition prevails with Turkish and Egyptian tobacco and with Japanese rice. The home industry is satisfied with raw materials of a far lower stand-

ard than is required for export. And, in as much as the quality of an Oriental rug is always subservient to the mere fact that it is Oriental, why should this not be so?

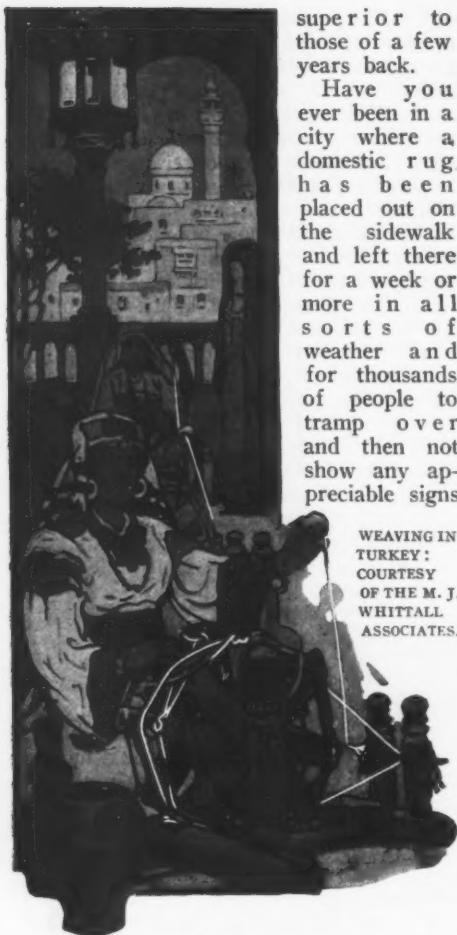
Stripped of all sentiment, there are but two elements which can enter into the practical value of a floor covering whether it be Oriental or domestic—beauty and durability. Beauty is dependent somewhat on the design but far more upon the colors and their fastness. Durability varies with the quality of the raw materials and the closeness of the weaving. A knot is a knot, regardless of how it is tied. Its mission is to hold in the tufts. It may be tied by a Turk, a Persian, a heathen Chinese or by a Jacquard loom. So long as it accomplishes its purpose and does its work well, there can be no practical difference except in the cost of production.

The design which is most desirable for your use is the one which harmonizes most thoroughly with the other surroundings in your home. Of this there is no better judge than yourself. You will know what you like from looking at it. You can likewise judge the beauty of the color for yourself. But for permanence you must depend and rely upon the maker of the rug. Your dealer can help you when selling you a domestic rug, for he knows the mills which produced it. If he is selling you a modern Oriental, there isn't one chance in a thousand that he knows whether it was made in Persia or Turkey, and much less chance that there is any way of finding out who actually made it. The responsibility rests wholly on your shoulders.

We have today American rugs manufactured under the most sanitary and hygienic conditions, made from the finest of imported wools, dyed with the best of dyes that have been tested by the most skilful chemists, executed in the most beautiful colors and designs that the Orient has ever produced and woven with a fineness of weave that human hands could not duplicate in a lifetime of constant labor. As for a price comparison, there can be none. The cheapest and most inferior modern Oriental costs more than the finest and most expensive domestic rug of the same size.

If you will trace the progress of the carpet industry in this country, you will find a constant endeavor to better the fabric, to improve the designs and to secure permanence of color. Today even the least expensive grades of domestic rugs are vastly

HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC?



WEAVING IN
TURKEY:
COURTESY
OF THE M. J.
WHITTALL
ASSOCIATES.

superior to those of a few years back.

Have you ever been in a city where a domestic rug has been placed out on the sidewalk and left there for a week or more in all sorts of weather and for thousands of people to tramp over and then not show any appreciable signs

of wear? This test has been made hundreds of times, from coast to coast, and it is a most gratifying tribute to the quality of dyes and materials used in the better grades of domestic rugs.

In many instances it is practically impossible to find an Oriental rug which will harmonize with some of the beautiful colors that are found in modern drapery fabrics. This is largely accountable for the demand for Chenille rugs in plain colors, for the modern decorator is willing to sacrifice all beauty of design in order to avoid a conflict of colors.

There was a time when the American manufacturer would have felt highly complimented to have his products compared favorably with the Orientals. Today, many domestic rugs are actually better in some

way than the *modern* rugs from the Far East. Good wools, good dyes, good designs, good colors, good weaving and the purpose to make rugs as well as rugs can be made, must produce valuable rugs.

HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC?

(Continued from page 200.)

dignity and what I feel to be the right progress of operatic music.

"Speaking of the American desire for variation, for melodrama, for action, it has seemed to me that in a way it accounts for the fact that only a few operas are presented each year, and mainly the same ones year after year at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is not so in Germany, even in the smaller cities. Eighty and ninety operas are heard in a single season, simply and beautifully produced. I do not mean that there is not a great interest in the presentation of some new and famous musical achievement here, but there is not the craving which we have in Germany for more and more music, more new, more old, to have our lives filled with it, with never enough.

"Also in America the very elaborate decoration of the opera must preclude the presenting of great numbers. The very expense and the time given to the presentation must limit the productions in a season. I am not opposed to the rich background for operatic music. I am interested in what Urban has done for the stage in this country, in what Rinehart has done in Germany and in Gordon Craig's work; but I feel always that the opera must have its setting in absolute harmony, beautifully appropriate; we must not change the opera from a great musical achievement to a picture book. As I have said before, the moving pictures are doing this for the stage, doing it swiftly everywhere. We are asked to look, to look, not to listen, not to think—we must not have the opera overwhelmed as drama is being, and so I plead for a stage setting that is traditionally simple, appropriately beautiful, a setting that may be realized only as an extension of the music, singing and drama.

COMING LATE TO THE OPERA.

"I have been asked several times to speak on the tendency in the American opera houses to come late and leave early. What remedy can any one suggest? It is all in

HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC?

the hands of the people who come to the opera. With music lovers in Germany this difficulty does not exist—people long to come early and are happy as long as they hear music. It seems to me that this is the answer, that the more you love music the more you want of it, the more you avail yourself of the opportunity to hear it. I think in time all these things will change in America, say in a century or two, and that we shall not have to ask people to come early and stay late, to come quietly, to cease from talking; they will inevitably respond to the opportunity to hear music, to hear it with profound interest, through the love of it. There is no other way to change matters except to increase the love of music—you cannot have conscription for the opera. Fancy dragging people in early and locking them in for their pleasure! As it is, I am told that an increasing number of people are coming eagerly in time for the overture, that the galleries are filled before the curtain goes up, and that more and more in orchestra and boxes are the lovers of great music.

LOVE OF MUSIC IN AMERICA.

"I think that perhaps one reason the love of music is not yet so prevalent here as in Europe is because Americans have felt, many of them, that music can be acquired any day, at any age. Now, as a matter of fact, you can have beautiful architecture without having thought much about it, until you are middle aged. You can have a large gallery of paintings by great artists and a library filled with beautiful, exalted poetry, but music, it seems to me, demands a greater preparation. You can listen to it, you can buy it; but you must become intimate with it through years of training to fully love and desire it. In Germany, for instance, our little children begin to study music when they begin to study their alphabet. It is an essential part of their education, not an accomplishment. They are brought up with Chamber Music in the home, they know it by heart, then when they are a little older they begin to study symphony music, they study it earnestly, joyously, and they are taken to the opera when they are very young, and operas are written in Germany for the little children. Humperdinck wrote 'Hänsel and Gretel' for a child audience, and Weber wrote 'Der Freischütz' for the children he knew would enjoy it.

"As for myself, I was but six years old

when I first heard 'Der Freischütz,' and, though for some years after I had but little music, I never changed my mind from that day about becoming a musician and giving my life to the work. That was what I wanted and what I intended to have. In all the years that have followed I have never forgotten the wonder of that magical opera of Weber's, and so I feel that it is a little hopeless to begin to get one's music at twenty-six or thirty-six instead of six. We know how much easier it is for all people to take up a language in youth, to learn to dance, and skate, and run and jump when they are young. Why should this not be true of the arts as well?

GERMAN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

"In Germany we learn music not only by studying it and playing it and hearing it, but our love of it is increased because we are taught the history of the great musicians, we know them intimately, we know their successes and their sorrows, we know about them when they were little children, and when we play their music we love it through loving them, and as we grow older we study their influence on their nation, on all musical development."

Already Mr. Bodanzky has had the first rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House and expresses himself as being more than delighted with the building, and with the orchestra that has been offered him. He finds the individual members sensitive, accomplished musicians, cordial to his point of view, absorbed in their artistic career. He awaits with great interest his first meeting with the American public, he is eager to begin his work, and hopes that through it he will win the confidence and affection of the music lovers of America.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FACTORIES WITH OTHER LYRICS: BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THIS little book of collected verses of Margaret Widdemer's gives her friends a fine opportunity to judge of her versatility, her ability to catch and make real the many moods of nature and to give new aspect to some of the questions that vex the thinking people of today. The book receives its name from the first poem, the oft-quoted protest against the binding of "little sisters till their playing time was done." The same cry against child labor is heard in "A New Spinning

BOOK REVIEWS

Song," "A Christmas Doll," and "Twisted Souls." In this book is a mournful "Epitaph for Little Children." Stirring and heart rending wails are heard beneath the rhythmic tramp of men marching to battle and of women watching and weeping as they pass.

But these form but a small portion of the volume, for there are many lovely little country carols and gay love ballads. We see through the power of her insight the colors of sunset, hear the voice of spring, catch the perfume of lilac-fronds and carnations. Many of these poems are already familiar to our readers as they first appeared in the pages of *THE CRAFTSMAN*:

"God does not give us, when our youth is done,

Any such dower as we thought should be:
We are not strong, not crowned with moon
or sun;

We are not gods nor conquerors: life's sea
Has not rolled back to let our feet pass
through,"

she says in "Gifts." Yet He has given us
"the gift to feel

In little looks of praise,
In words, in sunny days,
A pleasantness, a mirth—
Joy in a bird's far wings,
Pleasure in flowers breaking out of earth,
In a child's laughter, in a neighbor's smile."

Whoever enjoys fine thought poetically expressed will enjoy "The Wonderful Country" and wish with her

"that I might turn back

On the Wonderful Country's track
Where all o' the folk were wonder-wise
And all o' the world was new . . .
Where apple-trees swept the moon
And long as a year was June
And just beyond the yellow road's rise
Anything might come true!"

The gentle philosophy, sweet sympathy and delicious imagination one meets in this book will win for it many lifelong friends. (Published by The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. 160 pages. Price \$1 net.)

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF TREES: BY REX VICAT COLE

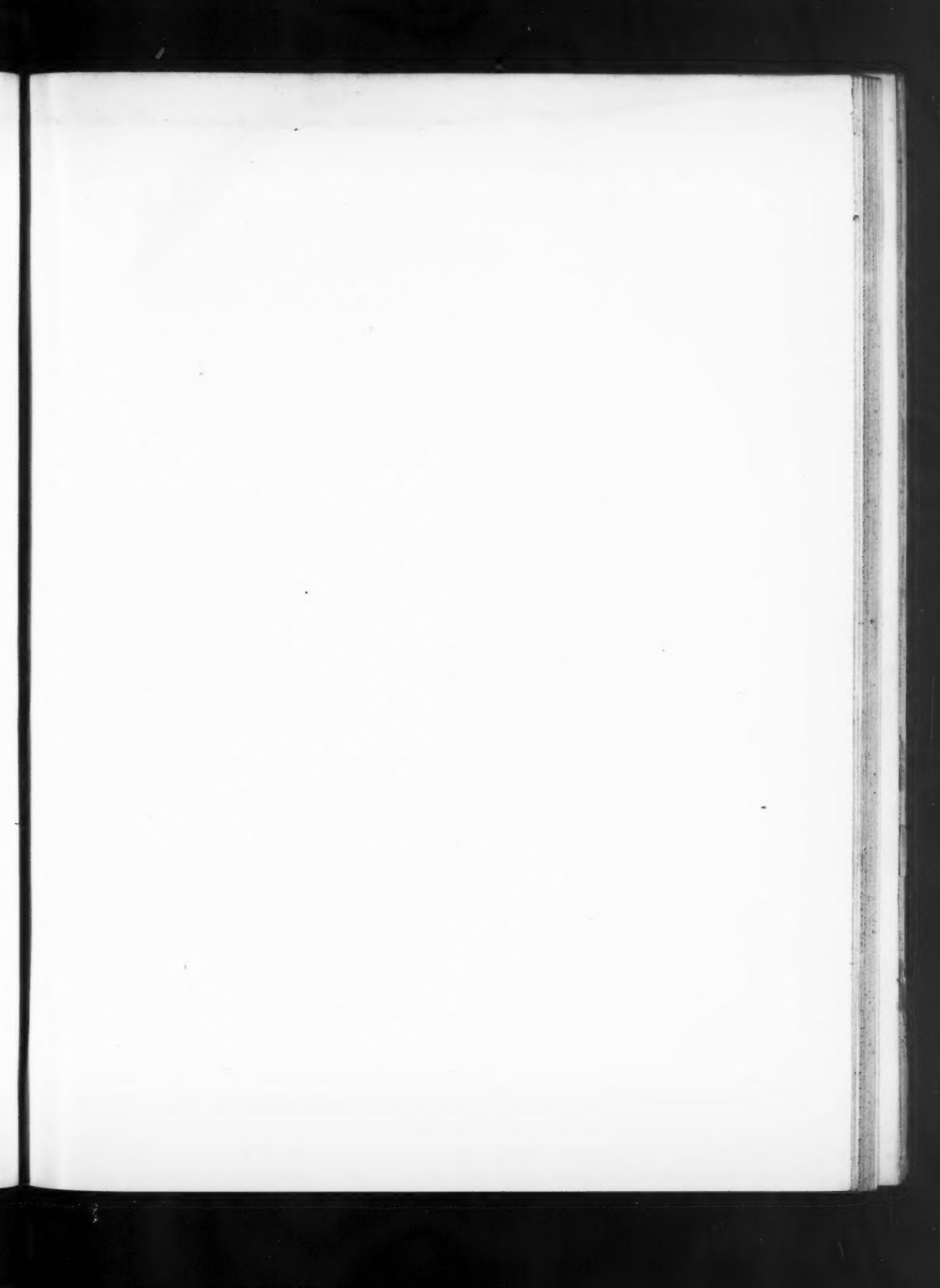
MANY books have been written upon the anatomy of man, of animals and of flowers, but never before have trees been subject to as sympathetic, profound and thorough an analysis of their

beauty and formation as in this book of Mr. Cole's, which forms the latest addition to the New Art Library. Art students cannot even casually glance over this book without becoming enthused with the possibility for decorative suggestion revealed in Mr. Cole's sketches. Various chapters deal with trees in relation to paintings, balance of dark spaces with light, tree forms against the sky, influence of situation, historical association, how a tree is built up, forms of twigs, branches, leaves, flowers and fruits. Beside the one hundred and sixty-five drawings and three hundred diagrams by the author, there are forty-eight full page reproductions from Rubens, Turner, Corot, Rousseau, Botticelli and others, showing how trees were introduced into the compositions of great masters.

The book is a storehouse of interesting, helpful and inspiring suggestions for art or nature lovers and should be within instant reach of every art student, even though he intends to make the figure his particular field of study. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Illustrated. 339 pages. Price \$1.75 net.)

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS: BY HERBERT J. HALL, M. D., AND MERTICE M. C. BUCK

THE need of adequate work for the handicapped has long been felt in this country and something has been accomplished in several small experimental centers. A number of sanatoriums have tried outdoor work of a light nature, such as making small articles of pottery, basketry, etc., as a curative means, and the results have been astonishing. The mind taken away from weakening brooding upon bodily troubles and busied with work that is beautiful to look upon and that will bring in enough to keep away the humiliating sense of dependence upon charity, is a big factor toward the regaining of health. "The Work of Our Hands" is a study of occupations for invalids. Dr. Hall and Miss Buck have given special study to the remedial effects of pleasant work on those suffering from nervous breakdown, as well as that of providing a source of income for the blind, crippled and infirm. This book covers the subject in a way that makes it invaluable to social workers, doctors, sanatorium nurses and shut-ins. (Published by Mofatt, Yard & Co., New York. 211 pages. 8 Illustrations. Price \$1.50 net.)





Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

AN ENGLISH MADONNA:
Anning Bell, Sculptor.